(WESTERN EDITION)

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"The Wounded Comrade."—From a Painting by J. O. T

John McCormack: SINGING FOR THE RED CROSS

Eliot Wadsworth: HELPING HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

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For Safety's Sake

B & B Dressings

Are Sterilized After Wrapping

This means B & B Absorbent Cotton. Also B & B Bandages and Gauze—the dressings which come in contact with a wound.

They are not only sterilized—and repeatedly—in making. They are sterilized to the innermost fiber after they are wrapped.

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This is costly—it is slow. But it seems the only way to bring you germ-free dressings. And they are vitally important, even on the smallest wound.

For Safety's Sake Always Ask for B & B Double-Sure Products

Absorbent Cotton, Bandages, Gauze, Adhesive Plaster, etc,

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Be As Careful

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Surgeons take endless precautions to have every dressing sterile. Bandages in hospitals are sterilized after wrapping, and by this same vacuum process. The U. S. Army in its field dressings requires this final sterilization.

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Call the doctor for any serious wound. But in the meantime don't infect it.

Get B & B Safety Dressings—Absorbent Cotton, Gauze and Bandages. Get them now—have them ready for emergencies. Don't take chances when this protection is so easily available.

Our First Aid Book

tells what to do, before the doctor comes, in every form of accident or emergency. It is written by an authority and has 120 pictures, dealing with sudden sickness, poisoning or accidents. We offer it free. Put it with your B & B Dressings. It may sometime save a life.

BAUER & BLACK

Makers of Surgical Dressings

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What It Means

By Henry P. Davison

THE success of the Second War Fund Drive by the American Red Cross is something that finds verbal appreciation only through the use of superlatives. The patriotic sacrifices represented in this great gift—the greatest in the world's history—are a mighty inspiration as we face our enlarging task. The confidence expressed by the American people in the Red Cross trusteeship adds to the obligation which has been imposed upon us.

I have been asked by the editor of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE to give some idea of what the success of the War Fund Drive means to me, as Chairman of the War Council. Above all else it fills me with an exalted pride—not that I am Chairman of the War Council; not on account of the Red Cross—but because I am an American. When I think of the responsibility of my trust, especially in the light of this latest expression from the American people, I am sobered. But when I can get outside of my official self for a moment and think of the matter only in an impersonal way, I thrill in every fibre of my being because of the patriotic impulses which are stirred.

There never has been a war before this one where the opportunity for patriotic action as well as patriotic thought has been so far-reaching. In other wars the fighting and the greater part of the suffering have been confined to the armed forces in the field. In this war, with an enemy who has descended to frightfulness undreamed of in the age of savagery, the suffering is unlimited and sacrifice is omnipresent. The people of America have been spared the physical suffering and sacrifices forced upon the people of France and Italy; but how glorious has been the sacrifice that we see reflected in the contributions to this Red Cross War Fund!

The glory of the War Fund is not in its size—not the hundred and seventy million dollars to which it has mounted—but the spirit which has made it possible. Millions and millions of wage earners and poor people have given to that fund, whose giving has been an actual sacrifice in every sense of the word. It is the American spirit, which perhaps finds its finest illustration in the sacrifices made by the millions of persons who gave of the very little they had to give, which is sending the real encouragement to our allies, along with our soldiers on the battle front, and which will bring the victory that is the hope of civilization.

I haven't a doubt but that the great success of the Red Cross War Fund Drive has been a tremendous inspiration to the whole country, just as it has to those who are charged with carrying on the work; and I believe that every person under the flag who has contributed to the Fund is prouder than ever of his Americanism.

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"YOU SHALL HAVE JUSTICE"

From a drawing by a Frenchman, Lucien Jonas
Published by Ed. Le Prince, Paris

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Western Edition

THE AUGUST
RED CROSS MAGAZINE

Volume 13 1918 Number 8

John McCormack:
Singing for the Red Cross

An interview by Heywood Broun

MANY a good soldier fell to for the Second Red Cross War Fund, and tolled forth contributions, either by his reminiscences of battle done, or by his eager promise of labors yet to come. But none of the lot had such unsoldierly training, as soldierly training goes, as the great Irish tenor, John McCormack, who not only was and is commissioned to sing for America during the term of the war, but who holds his commission by word of mouth from the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of these United States.

John McCormack has been a name to conjure with for a long time, so it's not irrational at all that President Wilson would seize his chance to conjure with it. He came from his native Ireland, by way of many opera houses, to sing us our pet roles in French and Italian opera. He sang in concert occasionally, because he liked to, and presently he found himself the most popular concert singer there was. He returned semi-occasionally to the Metropolitan, for a Puccini night or so, but his concert audiences were too voracious to spare him long. He was known among musicians for having nice fastidiousness of musical taste, and his private confessions have included more than one lament that his audiences would have so little of him in strictly classic mood.

But to audiences he was the elected singer of their own joys and sorrows, expressible to them in songs sentimental rather than in songs austere. Because so many hundreds of thousands wanted to hear him sing "Oh Moon of My Delight" and "I Hear You Calling Me," instead of early pastorals, he sang them what they wanted to hear. And so it came about that John McCormack became America's unofficial heartsease. His voice soothed and consoled them, by the tens and the hundreds of thousands. They throbbed to his singing and his songs.

When the war brought them the greatest of their troubles, the American people turned instinctively to John McCormack. McCormack, meanwhile, had turned instinctively to work.

He is a vital, overflowing, irrepressible sort of person, full of good feuds and good partisanry, with a quick tongue for the confusion of his enemies, and great generosity for his

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friends. He is so hotly anti-German that he brims with profanity at the mere thought of Germans. He'd as lief hang by the heels in a cellar as let the war go on without him. He is, in fact, the very man he seems to be as he sings to you—if you have heard him, you know him.

SOME one must keep the fountains of sentiment flowing." It may have a sufficiently unwarrior-like sound, but it was the speech which formally enlisted John McCormack as a singing soldier, and sent him across to the Pacific and back again, Red Cross Driving on his way, because it was the answer of Woodrow Wilson to Mr. McCormack's request to be put to work for the war.

Not that Mr. McCormack was in any need of heartening along just those lines. He had been busy all along trying to get the best music there was for the soldiers, and just as good for the Red Cross. But he had the good soldier's impulse to ask to be told what he'd better do, and he wanted the final word. He's at his best when he tells how he got it, because then he's most contagiously enthusiastic.

"No man could hate Germany as I do and stay out of the war he says, "and no man could believe as I do in hard fighting, and in everybody's fighting, and not want to hit where he could hit hardest. I could have gone to a recruiting station and enlisted as a private, but I believed in music too much as a war measure to be willing to abandon it, if I could be of real help at that.

"So I took my problem to President Wilson. I told him that I offered myself unreservedly, that I would serve wherever I was placed, but that I did not think music was a non-essential, and that if I could serve in that department, I would give myself as thoroughly and untiringly as any soldier in France. And the President said: 'I would far rather have you as a singer for the war than as any other kind of a soldier . . . We can't all do the same thing . . . and some one must keep the fountains of sentiment flowing. . . .'

"So that was how I enlisted. I am serving still. I am waiting for orders, now. The Red Cross tour as I planned it is just finished, and I went over the hundred thousand I had set for myself. But that's only one job—there will be others.

"Nobody must feel that music is among the non-essentials. The world needs it more when it's in trouble than at any other time. And soldiers, and the mothers and wives and sweethearts and children of soldiers, get more of the breath of life from it than the man in the street has any notion of.

"I don't mean the music the soldiers march to, either, though it is so important to them that if they can't get any other they make their own, no matter how long the march is, or how heavy the packs.

"And I don't mean the average, interesting music that musicians make a lot of fuss about, in peace times, and that gives such pleasure of a different sort. For myself, I don't care if all the music in the world should cease to exist till the war is over, if they will leave me the patriotic songs.

"Bad ones? There is no such thing as a bad patriotic song. I don't care what their musical values were originally, nor what kind of balderdash the words are—give me a song that has been sung by a people at war, and I have a song that has been hallowed and sanctified by feelings so much greater than any ever roused by mere musical and verbal perfection that there is no longer anything in the world with which to compare it.

"That is a seasoned and experienced opinion. I started by thinking that the average patriotic song was as bad as—as you thought it. Concerning some of the songs I now love most to sing, I have said: 'These are musically vile and the words are pure trash.' But I got over that.

"When I sing 'God be with our boys tonight,' I am not offering musical intervals of much or little charm, or words of literary or non-literary value. I am singing something that everybody left in this country is singing with me. Their hearts are touched, their deepest, strongest feelings are stirred—neither they nor I care a hang for the so-called artistic merits of the piece. The song has been taken entirely out of reach of criticism—it is not good, but great. And every people the world over has put itself into its war songs and made those songs immortal.

"'Over There' is another fine example. I can assure you I have cursed it in my time. But 'Over There' now has the significance of a nation behind. It isn't a song—it's a defiance. And every woman who ever heard her soldier sing it, whether he was at Plattsburg or Upton, has put the power of her prayer and her de-

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John McCormack at home: A summer-time portrait of him, Mrs. McCormack and their son and daughter

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termination into it, and the beauty of her sacrifice. It is no longer open to discussion by musical sybarites.

"What is the song that more than any other, until now, has represented to America the memory of her great national girding up and concerted action as a people? As bad a piece of music as was ever written: 'A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night.'

"I saw the British soldiers marching past my London house, in the early days of the war. They marched to music that a few short months before had been bandied around music halls, that hadn't a respectable friend in all England. But when I heard it then, and heard the tramping of the soldiers, with some of them singing to their bands, I got a thrill that I've never in my life got from any other music. Suppose I'd seen my son marching past to one of those tunes—what kind of patience would I have had with the man who told me, the next time I heard it, that it was 'musically bad'? My son is still playing with his toy soldiers, but other men's sons are marching to 'Tipperary,' and 'Madelon,' and 'Over There.'

"And there will be more songs they will spring up suddenly, no one will be able to tell why. Perhaps the next ones will be 'musically better.' They must be simple, and sincere, and must have that indefinable quality which makes everybody who hears them want to 'join in.'

"But those are the songs we singers must keep singing—it's our branch of the service, and we dare not neglect it. I think every singer in this country should be at work for the war. I organized a musical unit of the Red Cross, with Ernest Schelling, just before he was called to service abroad, but I had to give it up when I went across country. Somebody else will take it up—it's not merely important, it's necessary.

"And it is its own most glorious reward. I have never before in my life so thanked God that He made me a singer. When I remember the Red Cross concert in San Francisco, it is with a thankfulness of heart that nothing can compare to. A fifth of my 'quota' came from that one concert—they gave and gave, till I was astounded.

"I had an Australian soldier with me, invalided back from the trenches, and after I sang, he sold them autographed records —I have never seen such response from an audience.

"I had been told, before I started, that 'the West has not waked up yet'—nobody would dare to say that to me now. I have never seen greater enthusiasm. Everybody was working, everybody was confident, and determined—and everybody felt better for the war songs.

"This is a time when feeling, in every part of the country, is at its whitest heat, and only feeling matters. Our hearts are all together, and what our hearts dictate is right, no matter how many precedents we break, or how many old judgments we overturn.

"I had a new song, the other night, called 'A Mother's Prayer,' and there was a line in it that I was nervous about—I was not sure I wanted to sing it in a concert—it was 'Bring back my boy unharmed, for Jesus' Sake.' I knew that His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, was to be in my audience that night, so I went frankly to him and asked him what I should do. He said, when he had looked at the song, 'It will be sung in all reverence, and it is how every mother feels—that is enough to make it sacred.'

"Everywhere, you see, it is the same thing. Everything is measured by the kind of feeling it springs from. And into this state of affairs the world over, music must come and keep coming, because music is the final, full expression of feeling, and its only perfect expression.

"All those who have the privilege of going into decisive action are cared for, emotionally and materially, by the great army organizations. Those who must remain at home, whose feeling has no outlet in action, who must wait, and pray—they must be cared for by those of us who can make music.

"No musician should consider that he has any other job, till the war is over and won."

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"Just Real, Real Men!"

From an American Red Cross canteen worker in France

SOMETIMES it's candles they want, because there is no light in their compartment. Sometimes it's pins. Sometimes it's cough medicine. There is no knowing what they will ask for. So we have started a Red Cross shelf and a utility shelf, and maybe in time we shall be able to forestall every want.

For one week we had with us the most delightful character from the great West. He called himself a Timber Cruiser. One night he began reciting. Our kitchen force, consisting of a to-be-soldier and three women, stopped their work, never lifted a dish, and stood spellbound—although they were French and could not understand the language. While he cut our bread or tacked down the oil cloth, we would stand and listen, enthralled, to his words, and even the Scotch girl was made something of a worshipper. He tossed a franc to a child who came bringing the bread one day, and said, "Here, kid, buy yourself an automobile." The child did not understand the words, but got the meaning from the man's smile and tone, and looked up at him with a hero worship that is beyond words to describe.

Under it all there was a sadness which, of course, he wouldn't show to any one. We longed to do something for him, but couldn't, and of course it was an insult to his splendid independence to think that he required help. We told him to be sure and let us know if he needed anything or was ill, and he replied in his gentle voice and half drawl, "You wouldn't even have to open your windows, I'd holler so loud." Then he told us that we were "regular fellers," and that when one said that out where he came from, one had said everything.

Never shall I forget the overwhelming feeling which I had the day the train drew up with the first load of American soldiers on leave from the trenches. They had been at the front four months, and were now on their first eight days' leave. Khaki-covered heads came out of every window. Then the boys poured out—our boys—our army. They sort of rubbed their eyes at the sight of the flag, and wondered where they were. They had not eaten for nearly twenty-four hours. Many of them were just out of the trenches, and they were simply stunned by finding Americans and a real American breakfast waiting for them.

I wanted to cry and laugh at once. All our feelings during the winter were as a drop in the bucket, compared with our yearnings to get in touch with those men, to know what they wanted, to give them the things that they actually needed during the short time that they had to stay with us.

The minutes flew by. Soon we hustled them on the train and ran alongside, handing out more bread and butter, and saying good by once more. Finally the train pulled out of sight, every window having a cap waving out of it. The other canteen worker and I walked back to the canteen with the tears streaming down our faces. (I don't know that I ought to admit that!) I can't tell why it was, but the sadness of it all, the far-away homes of those boys, their goodness in doing just what they thought we would like, and their quietness, nearly broke our hearts!

And they are so big! They tower over everyone, and have great broad shoulders, and big voices—just, real, real men!

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"The last time I saw it—and jolly glad I was it was mostly dust and ashes; a Jack Johnson

A Farm In Flanders

By Centurion

Illustrated by PAUL MEYLAN

THE air was drowsy with the scent of flowers of the downland—wild thyme, harebell, eyebright, yellow bedstraw and creeping cinquefoil. A "Lulwork skipper" opened and closed her orange wings upon the golden petals of the ragwort as though fanning herself in the swooning heat. Between the chalk cliff on which we lay, and the Purbeck limestone of the opposing headland, the coast curved inland in a sickle-shaped bay whose waters gleamed blue as sapphire in the July sun. The surface of the channel was smooth as molten glass, save when the propeller of a patrol-boat left a furrow of white foam behind her.

The complete absence of motion combined with the transparency of the air to give nature something of the fixity of Art; we seemed to be looking at a water-color painting. Borlase and I lay at full length on the down, smoking our pipes and enjoying the view with the proprietary pride of two West-country men

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to see the last of it—
knocked it endways"

and that sensation of unlimited opulence which seduces every officer on leave, a sensation which is wholly subjective and has nothing to do with the state of one's account at Cox's. In fact, it often leads to overdrafts And like the enchanted disciple on the Mount we talked of building tabernacles—after the war.

"No building for me!" I said. "I will buy me a certain manor-house, whose walls are as jasper—walls of old red brick sun-ripened like a peach, gabled roofs, mullioned windows, oak panelling. . . . Damn these flies!"

"And I," said Borlase meditatively, "will buy a farm in Flanders."

"A farm in Flanders! Not you, my son! Don't I know them! Cold tiled floors, walls of mud and timber, a courtyard whose chief decorative feature is a midden-heap, a landscape of pollarded willows and slimy dykes with an obscene *estaminet* in the middle distance. And no cubbing, either!"

"I didn't say I should *live* there," said Borlase slowly. "But I shouldn't like to feel it belonged to any one else."

"Where is it?" I asked languidly, as I watched a golden-brown butterfly fluttering ecstatically. Borlase was gazing out to sea beyond the white cliffs of the Needles to the distant haze which masked the coast of France.

"D'you know the bit of country between Richebourg and Festubert?"

"Do I not?" I said feelingly. "I lost my way there once and all but walked straight into the German trenches."

"Well, it's there. The last time I saw it—and jolly glad I was to see the last of it—it was mostly dust and ashes; a Jack Johnson knocked it endways. It was our headquarters and was back about 300 yards behind the trenches—very unhealthy. The Huns used to 'search' up and down on either side of us with their smaller howitzers, first up one side of the road on which our house stood, then down the other, as methodically as a gardener with a watering-can. I used to watch their black and yellow bursts creeping nearer and nearer with a kind of ugly fascination and wonder whether the next would get us.

"We had no cellar and didn't like to bolt to our funk-holes across the yard for fear we should give the show away. They got T—— that way; I found his boot afterwards. . . . We moved into that sector at the end of 1914, having been in the whole show from the beginning at Mons. We'd done our bit, too, in the big sweep of October when Smith-Dorrien tried to roll up the German right resting on La Bassée. We were in those eleven days' fighting round the sugar-factory at Lorgies and after that were moved up and down the lines in a sort of game of 'General Post,' acting as reserve to the division—one battalion to a division! That was what was meant by 'reserve' in those days; we'd trek after a week or ten days in the trenches and settle down in billets and get the camp-kettles going for a hot tub, and within a few minutes along would come the order, 'Be prepared to start for —— at half-an-hour's notice.' And we'd start.

"That went on till we settled down more or less at the spot I've spoken of. We found fairly good fire-trenches when we took over, but that was all. There were no communication-trenches—we relieved by sections over the open ground—no support trenches

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and no reserve trenches. And here, like Caesar, we went into winter quarters, except that Caesar rested and we didn't. No one who has not gone through that first winter out there will ever realize what the Old Army endured. We had no wire at first, and consequently had to post extra sentries at night. We had no flares—till we invented that stunt of sodium in jam-tins. We had no trench boards, and no pumps, and when the water got into our trenches it rose steadily till our men stood more than knee-deep in a compost of icy mud and water, which gradually stiffened round their legs like concrete. Our regimental sergeant-major lost both feet that way. There were no four-day reliefs in those days; we were relieved about once every ten, and even then at least half the battalion, and sometimes the whole of it, was kept up in close support all night in case of a sudden attack. We were always on the defensive and the Hun knew it. Raids were out of the question we hadn't the men to spare and, as you'll remember, raids were never thought of till the November following, when the New Army had taken the field. Besides, we had no bombs.

"When I considered the heavens from the fire-trench at night . . . I used to ask myself whether the old country had forgotten us"

"But we couldn't take all the taunts of the Jager battalion opposite us lying down, and it was then that we started experimenting with the 'jam-pots' made by the sappers. We used to call our bombers 'Tickler's Artillery,' and if they didn't terrify the enemy they certainly succeeded in terrifying us. You remember the kind of thing?—one of Tickler's jam-tins with a little gun-cotton priming in the middle, a fuse which one lit with a match like a pipe, and for a charge, pounded crockery, belt-buckles, shirt buttons, ten-centime pieces; in fact, anything we could lay our hands on. It was the best we could do. . . . Of course, we had none of your portable Lewis guns, only the old heavy machine-gun of gun-metal weighing 58 pounds, and only two to the battalion at that. As for trench-mortars, no one had ever heard of 'em except the Hun, until the sappers sent up their improvised stove-pipes—five out of six were duds, and the sixth gave the show away.

"And night and day the Hun pounded us with his artillery—sprayed us with shrapnel and blew us up with H. E., and there were our howitzers behind us eating their heads off for want of stuff. When things got a bit too warm we'd telephone back, praying the O.C. of a battery of 18-pounders to dust the Huns up a bit, and what constantly happened would be something like this: I'd spot some Huns with my field-glasses about 600 yards away making an M.G. emplacement at their leisure; I'd ring up the battery, and they'd put in four shells, two short, two wide, then a dead stop. I'd ring up again and the answer would come: 'Sorry, we've fired the ration—four a day is all we're allowed.' Then the Hun, after waiting a bit, would proceed to concrete his emplacement at his leisure, and after that there was the devil to pay.

"I tell you it was heartrending—we were like dervishes with spears up against a machine-gun; our men had nothing except

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their courage and their musketry—but they never once got the wind up and they put the fear of God into the Huns. It was just as bad for the gunners. I remember old Haig-Smith, the O.C. of the Battery, showing me once, almost with tears in his eyes, his boxes of ammunition: all the duds saved up like talents in a napkin since the South African War and marked, 'Singapore,' 'Hongkong,' 'Perth W.A.,' and the Lord knows what else. That battery was put on low diet and for some unexplained reason it had to be taken like medicine once every 24 hours; if the gunners saved it for an emergency they had to return it like an unexpended Treasury balance; so they used to fire it off after tea, on principle, if it wasn't wanted earlier. Comic, wasn't it?

"This went on for weeks, and week by week I saw my pals, fellows who'd been at Sandhurst along with me, men I'd played poker and hunted with for years, knocked out one after the other, also my best N.C.O., who'd taught me all I knew, the men in my company—all knocked out. I remember in one morning we lost ninety men killed or mortally wounded when about fifty yards of trench were wrecked and B Company split into halves, left half being cut clean off from the right where the communication trench joined the front trench. There the wounded lay—and rotted. You see that damned M.G. emplacement of theirs commanded the whole of it, so it was certain death to anyone who tried to get the wounded away.

"I tell you when I considered the heavens from the fire-trench at night and watched the eternal bombardment of Ypres like a blast-furnace in the sky, I used to ask myself what the old country was doing, and whether it had completely forgotten us. We used to read of strikes in South Wales and on the Clyde. We used to watch Asquith and the bickerings of the cliques there in Parliament. And we wonder and wonder how the Irish problem would be met. We spent hours talking about that. We'd read about speeches by stipendiary M.P.'s in the House jawing about 'militarism' and threatening revolution if the Government ever dared to introduce compulsory service, and I tell you I felt sick. 'Militarism!' It was militarism we were up against, evil incarnate. D'you remember the girl P—— found near Richebourg after the Germans had done with her? D'you remember what we found in Warneton? D'you remember—but, of course, you know. How much does an M.P. get? Double the pay of a company commander, isn't it?

"We heard of K——'s new army, of course, but hope deferred made our hearts pretty sick, and it used to be a standing joke with the battalion to say: 'It's rumored that Italy and the New Army are about to definitely abandon their neutrality.' A silly joke, I admit, because we might have known that the authorities at home were working night and day to get a move on and succour us. And at last, like the dove to the ark, there came two Territorial regiments—attached to us for instruction. Topping fellows they were, too! And, then, as winter gave way to spring, and spring to summer and the flood subsided in our trenches, the New Army began to arrive. We could hardly believe it at first. And it grew and grew like a grain of mustard-seed. And all kinds of fancy things came with it – Stokes guns, and Mills bombs, and Lewis guns, and stacks of shells. By that time I could cheerfully have said *nunc dimittis*, for I knew we were saved. I felt old, very old, like the Johnny in the Bible, but like him I could have said, 'Now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace.' I tell you I could have wept for joy as if I'd sniffed a tear-shell. A flood of emotion would sweep through me in a swirl. But by that time. . . . "

Borlase stopped and gazed out to sea in silence. I couldn't help wondering what was going on behind that stern, square-set taciturn face. He was silent for so long a time that at last I gave him a clue.

"Yes, I know," I said. "I've been there. But I can't see why you want to buy that filthy farm. You know you said it was all dust and ashes by now."

"So I did. But you see all my pals are buried there. Only the O.C. and myself, we, even we only, are left. . . . No! I shouldn't like to feel it belonged to any one else."

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"If you don't believe I am a soldier, this will convince you." From a postal card

"Yankee Kid"

The Boy Stretcher-Bearer

By Harvey E. Johnson

HE IS a real boy, the Johnson boy who wrote this story. He wore short trousers when he ran away from his home in Louisville and beat his way on freight and passenger trains to New Orleans. The lad was a big fellow for his age, was taken on as a stoker in a British tramp, and worked his way to England. After various adventures, he managed to get to France, where he became a stretcher-bearer. At sixteen stretcher-bearing had become tame so he enlisted as a "Tommy," being accepted as "a native of Canada twenty-one years old" by a conveniently blind recruiting sergeant. He went through the engagements of Fricourt, Mametz, Bazentin, and Devil's Wood. He was at Ypres, Loos, Armentières, and Vimy Ridge. So, probably, he is reasonably near it when he claims a record which is "unsurpassed"

OF COURSE, I was only fourteen when I enlisted as a stretcher-bearer in the British Royal Army Medical Corps, in October, 1915. Maybe a kid like me wouldn't get as much out of being in the war as an older fellow would— but maybe he'd get more, just because he had more to get! As near as I could figure it out, *everybody* over there was getting some things they never could have found anywhere else. I know I did.

I guess the biggest thing I got was—well, I don't just know what to call it. It isn't exactly any one thing. It's a mixture of being sorry for somebody else and *not* being sorry for yourself.

Over there in the trenches all the Tommies used to call me the Yankee Kid. I live in Louisville, Kentucky, and of course I'm no "Yankee" down here. But to Tommy Atkins every American is a Yankee. And I sure am an American, all right.

Well, I guess I was like most other boys. I never had worked very hard at being sorry for anybody or anything But I learned it all fast enough when I was carrying the wounded in France. Gee! but those fellows would just make you feel like crying! Not because they groaned and made a fuss, but just because they *didn't*. They'd smile and crack jokes as long as they had any breath left in them

I remember one big Scotty whose feet had been shot off in the fighting down on the Somme. He was lying on a stretcher when I saw him, waiting to be carried in. And while he was waiting he kept making us all laugh at the things he'd say about those missing feet of his. At first I thought he was off his head. And when he said, with his queer Scotch accent, that he'd mislaid his "twa" feet back in the wood, I asked him if he wanted me to go and hunt for them.

"Just leave 'em be!" he said. "If they canna coom by theirselves, we'll na gang after them."

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Those Scotties are great old fighters, I tell you. There was a big sergeant who had his leg shattered. It was pretty bad—the bones sticking out and everything—but instead of making a fuss about himself, he got a piece of chocolate out of his tunic and insisted on our having it! And when we asked him if we couldn't do something for him, he said:

"No, no, lads! I can wait."

There's one story I've told before but I guess it will bear repeating, for I think it was one of the finest things I ever saw. I joined the infantry after I'd been in France a few months and was in the fighting at Mametz. Some fighting, believe me! One day I was with a Scotchman and an Irishman when a shell burst right on the parapet of the trench where we were.

I was half buried when it caved in the side of the trench. Luckily, it was the lower half of me that was caught, so I wasn't really hurt. I couldn't move, but I could see what happened.

The Irishman's arm was blown off and the Scotchman's leg was gone at the knee. I thought both of them would die before help could reach them—and I shut my eyes, because that's one thing I never could get used to; seeing those poor fellows go West. Then I heard the Irishman's voice and I looked to see what he was doing.

He was fumbling in the special pocket where all British soldiers carry their first aid packages. He was bleeding terribly and it must have been all he could do to get the packet out with his left hand. But he managed it somehow and then he pressed the bandage to the Scotty's knee to stop the flow of blood.

But it wouldn't stay in place without being held and I guess he must have felt himself going and have known that his hand would relax. For he dropped down and laid his head on the bandage to keep it in place. And then —well, when they came and dug me out, he was dead. But they saved the Scotty.

You just don't know what men *can* do, if you haven't been with soldiers. You don't know what you can go through, yourself, until you put on a uniform and live with fighting men. There's something about it I can't explain. Before I got to France I had a bad smash while I was training at Salisbury Plain. I was fourteen weeks in the hospital with a broken arm and injured knee. They fixed me up without an anesthetic, because I didn't want to take one; and I know that if it had happened to me before I joined the army, I'd have squealed like a good one! But you can't play the baby act if you're a soldier. So I gritted my teeth and kept my mouth shut.

That little experience of mine in England helped me to know that it isn't much fun to be knocked to pieces. They carried me on a stretcher that time and they were mighty careful and tried to make me as comfortable as they could. So, you can just believe, when I had a poor chap on a stretcher, over in France, I did the same for him. But then, everybody did that. We'd go down on our knees many a time, when we had to cross shell holes, so as to keep a wounded man level.

It was hard work, carrying stretchers. Once I had a snap, though. We had taken a lot of prisoners and the ambulance unit was shy of men, so I had four big Prussian Guards detailed to help carry the wounded. I walked alongside and bossed them and felt as big as a general. They were glad to do it. We were carrying stretchers from the dressing station that time, so they weren't under fire.

One thing that always seemed pretty fine to me was the way our artillery would hold up if we had to carry a wounded man across in front of them. The noise is something fierce when you are in front of big guns, especially if you are in the open. So they wouldn't fire a shell until we were well by them.

There was one time when I did give a wounded man a bad shaking up, but it wasn't my fault. Another man and I were carrying a stretcher through a little wood when a German shell shot past and burst just in front of us. The man in front was knocked down and the concussion spun me around against a tree. Of course, we had to drop the stretcher. When we pulled ourselves together and got up, the fellow on it just said:

"Well, come on! We ain't dead yet!"

Plenty of us were killed, though. If you have an idea that stretcher carrying is a "cushy" job, you're making a grand mistake. The bearers don't carry any weapons, not even a revolver. And they can't stick in the trenches, either. When there has been an advance they go out and get the wounded who have fallen in the open; and as Fritz's guns have the range of that section and are sending shells into it all the time, it is no fun to be walking around there.

My chum in the ambulance unit dared me to join the infantry—so I did. And I saw

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a hot time at Mametz—that's certain. But I had one spell of 97 days up at Vermelles that was a cinch compared with the work we had in the R. A. M. C. It isn't any soft snap. Once I carried a wounded man on my back for two miles, through trenches most of the way. He was badly hurt and I hurried to get him back — but he was dead when I got him there.

They told me afterwards — some of his comrades — that he said he had seen "the Angel of Mons." That was a sort of spirit, or ghost, that lots of soldiers saw — or *said* they saw. Gee! You hear a lot of queer stories over there. They had one about a dog that used to run around in No Man's Land at night and get you by the throat. They said the Germans had taken the brain of a man who hated the English and put it in place of the dog's brain and turned him loose, because they knew that no Tommy would shoot a dog. The fellows used to tell about seeing bodies with the marks of the dog's teeth in their throats. If a dog had come around while that story was being told, he wouldn't have known what struck him! For once Tommy would have forgotten to be kind to animals.

As it was, I never did see him when he wasn't good to them. The English certainly do love 'most anything that goes on four feet. Except rats! They have good reasons for hating *them*. But anything else was sure of a good time with Tommy.

Harvey E. Johnson, as he is to-day—seventeen years old and a three-years' war record behind him

And that reminds me of one thing I saw that certainly did make me, and every other man that saw it, want to kill every German between us and Berlin. It was when we went into a ruined village which the Germans had just evacuated. And there we found a kitten, pinned to a broken tree trunk by three bayonets, one through each of three paws; one was free. The little thing was mewing—oh, it was like a baby crying! I couldn't believe it. But there they were—German bayonets! And men that called themselves soldiers had done it. Anybody that could see that little kitten and not want to fight the kind of brutes that put it there—well, I guess they'd be about as bad. That's the way it seems to me. First, I wanted to cry, and then — I wanted to kill. I suppose they thought it would scare us. Well, they missed their guess. We went ahead and we drove them on. And I believe, in the end, we'll give them what they deserve.

I don't want to end with a story like that, so I'll tell two incidents that particularly impressed me. I was in an attack one time when a man said to me: "I say! Something's wrong with my back! Wish you'd see what it is."

I put my hand inside his tunic and I felt something like marbles under the skin. It was five bullets from a machine gun. You see, sometimes when we make an advance we go by places where a couple of Germans have hidden—in a shell hole, perhaps—with a

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machine gun. When we are by they turn it on us. So that a man may get hit in the back even when he is going forward.

Well, this Tommy had got a whole bunch of bullets, but he had no notion of quitting the game for that! He kept right on; and after a while he got another dose from in front. Pretty bad one this time; got him in the intestines. I'll never forget the way he looked down at himself. He looked kind of funny and kind of mad. But then, he just laughed a little and went on—and he *kept* on till we were through that job. I tell you, they're great—those Tommies.

The other story is about an American; a funny little Jew from New Orleans. He carried in his pocket a picture of an American flag he had cut out of a paper and he was always talking about "the only country on earth" and so on. Maybe his folks had been hounded out of Europe. I don't know. Anyhow, he had an awful grouch against Germany and was always making the American eagle scream to beat the band.

So, one time, when we were going over the top, he took out this flag of his and stuck it on his bayonet and said he was going to make some German eat it—or something like that. He said Germany didn't know there *was* any such flag and he was going to let them see what it looked like. I saw his body afterward—lying where he fell. The flag was all bloody and mussed up. But he *had* made some German "eat it"—as he said he was going to do.

The League of Love in Action

By Edwin Markham

Author of "The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems"

O LEAGUE of Kindness, woven in all lands,
You bring Love's tender mercies in your hands;
Above all flags you lift the conquering sign,
And hold invincible Love's battle line.

O League of Kindness, in your far-flung bands,
You weave a chain that reaches to God's hands;
And where blind guns are plotting for the grave,
Yours are the lips that cheer, the arms that save.

O League of Kindness, in your flag we see
A foregleam of the brotherhood to be
In ages when the agonies are done,
When all will love and all will lift as one.

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In the schools and among the Red Cross membership of 40,000 or more, perhaps twenty different races are represented

Red Crossing in the Orient

I. The Hawaiian Islands

By a Field Officer of the Fourteenth Division

ON THE good Pacific Mail steamship *Venezuela*, going from San Francisco to Honolulu, we had a Christmas membership drive and gathered in every one aboard ship, including fifty-three Chinese stewards; so we arrived a "regular" Red Cross ship. These were the first nine names put down as members:

Leung Bo	Yim Sek Yeung	Fung Fun
Jang Man	Mun Bew Yue	Yow Hung
Tung Wai	Lai Chuen	Pang Loy

Honolulu doesn't need any help from anybody, even a Field Commissioner. The Red Cross organization is as swift and effective as it is possible to imagine, and the work is carried on in a tropical heat (at least it seemed so to us) which would lead most people to wish to take it easy. The ancestors of these good people came from New England, and their descendants to-day work diligently from morning to night, with the same New England vim and enthusiasm.

Honolulu, you should know, is the loneliest large city in the world, since you must travel at least 2,200 miles in any direction to strike mainland north, south, east, or west; and notwithstanding that there are only twenty or thirty thousand white people out of a total population of 250,000 in the Hawaiian Islands, you are impressed with its American vigor.

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Women of various nationalities at work in the throne room of the old Palace of the Hawaiian Kings, making Red Cross hospital supplies for a war 8,000 miles and more away

Of all their activities, and there are many, since it is a wonderfully successful business community, the American Red Cross carries the banner of inspiration and achievement; and they spread the light of the Red Cross over a great ocean. Honolulu is called by the steamship companies the Crossroad of the Pacific, and the traveler on his way to the East visits the show places of Honolulu. He sees the surf riders at Waikiki, the great pineapple fields, the sugar cane plantations; but more than anything else, he sees the evidences of the Red Cross almost before his steamer docks.

The organization is doing all that we do on the mainland, but doing it with surprising zeal and with the cooperation of many races; and this working together of peoples of dark and light skins, coming from the Far East and the Far West, is perhaps as interesting as the far-famed volcano. In the schools and in the workrooms where the women turn out great quantities of hospital supplies, and among the membership which runs to 40,000 or more, there are perhaps twenty races represented. The hard-working Chinese, the Japanese, the Hawaiians in great numbers, Eurasians, Slavs, Poles, East Indians, and many more, are held together by this American Red Cross. This happy working out of friendly coöperation you find in the gathering of the women of various nationalities at work in the throne room in the old Palace of the Hawaiian Kings. Here in this great open space is the ancient throne where many dark complexioned kings and queens have received in state, but the place now is filled with busy hands getting hospital garments together for a war 8,000 miles or more away. And in the other islands of the Hawaiian group the same energetic kind of thing goes on day by day.

In Honolulu alone there are 10,000 Magazine subscribing memberships, and after THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE is read the copies are turned over to the Board of Education for use in the schools, and finally the pictures are cut out and put on the bulletin board. The Hawaii Board of Education was the first to adopt the Magazine as a school reader to spread the purposes of the Red Cross among children.

Surely a fine climate for the growth of the Red Cross spirit.

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The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.

VOL. I—NO. 18. FRANCE, FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1919. PRICE: 50 CENTIMES

News From Our Own

By the American Staff Correspondent for *The Stars and Stripes*

ONCE a week our army in France speaks out, and the voice is entirely frank and free. The voice is *The Stars and Stripes*, "the official newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, by and for the soldiers of the A. E. F., authorized by the Commander-in-Chief."

It is altogether a soldier paper. Soldiers in the field write the articles, soldiers draw the pictures (sometimes under fire), and soldiers hustle to Paris weekly from various posts to put it together, rush it through the press, and distribute it through our transport-web to all the lines.

There are only two civilians on the whole staff, and they have to stay humbly in the dull background in America, where one collects advertising and the other sends cable news of "home doings."

Nobody makes any money out of it, for everybody works for nothing and the circulation profits all go back into company funds for spending-money. Nobody gets any glory out of it, for it is "this man's army" paper, and to the editors a private on kitchen detail is exactly as important as a general.

GET ON K.P. AND REVEILLE WILL NEVER BOTHER YOU ANY.

There never was a newspaper just like it in the world before. It preaches grim war, stern duty, and stiff discipline; but it does not go to press trembling with awful awe of army regulations. The most unqualifiedly private private may, and does, free his mind, through the columns of *The Stars and Stripes*, about the sins of the official postal service, or about the soldier's pet hatred, the quartermaster's department, or anything else that does not come under the Articles of War. It does not hesitate a minute to print the army's most torrid thoughts about sacred official things as, for instance, the new over-seas cap. "Strong men weep at the sight of it," said a contributor in a recent issue, adding: "We understand that the designer lost his eyesight years ago."

It is fascinatingly American. "It is our privilege and our glory as members of America's vanguard of liberty," said the editors in the first issue, "so to fight, so to strive, that we may rightly be called the fellow countrymen of Abraham Lincoln."

Thus *The Stars and Stripes* truly is the voice of the army. It tells exactly what the soldiers think, and what they want, and what they do not want. They want "to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," quoting "old Grant" with approval. They don't want kind society ladies to hold the army's little hand. "We are cheerfully foregoing parcels from home to save ship space," says the paper. "It doesn't add to our cheerfulness to see our forfeited space taken up by folks who 'just came for the ride.'"

They want the devoted nurses to have service chevrons like themselves, because "they merit being slapped on the back and saluted with the cheery greeting of 'Hello, Old-Timer!'"

They want their airplanes, pronto! And they want their grub pronto and plenty and prime. And they want to go over the top. But they do not want Sister Susie to do them good, for, as a determined headline says: "Even The Stoutest Heart Must Quail When Sister Susie Starts Singing Songs For Soldiers."

They are willing to lie out in mud and rain until, as a humble mule-skinning contributor describes it: "I'm living under the same conditions as an uncovered gas main during a continuous Fourth of July celebration." But they are emphatically not willing to suffer the pain of dreary entertainment. An editorial tells the army's hates and loves in that respect under a headline of a word:

"Elsie"

To an army which has these many months listened perforce to lectures on "Why We Are At War," "The Mining Of Carraway Seeds in Argentina," "Why We Are At War," and "Why We Are At War"; to an army that has been overwhelmingly informed and otherwise edified, Elsie Janis comes as a distinct relief. She is

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an oasis of color and vivacity in a dreary desert of frock-coated and white-tied lecturers who have been visited upon us. Therefore we are for her!

It is a pity that the Government cannot commission her and attach her to the A. E. F. for the duration of the war with the title of Chief of the Pep Division. She inspires every man with an overwhelming desire to turn cartwheels all the way along the rocky road to Berlin. In short, she's THERE!

Elsie Janis is as essential to the success of this army as a charge of powder to a shell. More entertainment by her and "the likes of her," and less instruction by people who take themselves seriously—that's one formula for winning the war!

In another issue *The Stars and Stripes* tells how Elsie does it. She gave the boys a show in a railroad shed that had a stage set at one end. "There came a signal to clear the track, and with a great toot-tooting and a still greater uproar of men, a locomotive trundled in. On the cow-catcher was Elsie, waving her hand and laughing as if she were having the time of her life, which she probably was. The locomotive made its way to the stage till it was near enough for the agile actress to make it in one jump. She did. With her black velvet tam perched on one side of her head, and her arms held high, she cried: "Are we down-hearted?"

They were not, and said as much at the top of their voices.

They show how down-hearted they are in their "Etiquette Hints for Doughboys." Out of a world of innocuous topics, the soldier author selects —hospitals!

Hospitals

Hospitals have become quite the rage among our best people. Almost all our upper classes are staying at them. For ridding yourself of useless appendages, finding out about yourself, your construction and interior decoration scheme, hospital treatment cannot be beaten. Never attempt the vulgarity of getting up at meal-times and thus betraying your base army origin. Insist on having all your meals served as you recline on your cot. In that way only can the morale of the personnel be kept up. A good line to spring on your particular doc is: "Oh, you're Captain Blank, are you? I heard a lot about you in the States, I did. My sister's brother-in-law says he won't ever forget what you done for his horse."

This will put the medico at his ease and show him that you can appreciate fine surgery. Be nice to everybody, from the Chief Surgeon to the orderlies. If you give them a lot of trouble (apologizing profusely for it all the time) they will ask you to come again. Finally, pick out the object of your hospital proposal—everybody makes one—very carefully. Wait till you are out of ether, or you are apt to have a case of mistaken identity on your hands.

Nobody who contributes to the paper believes that language was given to man to conceal his thoughts. Because they think straight, they write and print it straight and unafraid. And one thing that they say with particular force and straightness and extremely vigorous language is "Down With 'Sammie!'" If the fighting editors could identify

THIS METHOD OF TESTING IS FAVORED UPON IN THE BEST MILITARY CIRCLES, AND THE FISH WHO ATTEMPTS IT IS USUALLY TREATED TO A POSTHUMOUS COURT MARTIAL —(WHICH IS THE VERY WORST KIND OF GIN TOO WILL FIND)

the wretch who first sent to America the horrible report that the American soldiers were to be called "Sammies," that man would find himself in a ruinous condition equal to that of the most bombarded sector. Here is one of their utterances about it.

Down With "Sammie!"

We're all doughboys. As we read the definition in the dictionary known as "General Usage," a doughboy is an American soldier—any American soldier. Time was when the name applied only to enlisted infantrymen. Time was when there was a suggestion of good-natured derision in it. But with the original doughboys in the very vanguard of the A. E. F., the name has taken on a new accent of respect. Infantrymen, artillerymen, medical department boys and signal corps sharps, officers and men alike, we are all called doughboys. Our cartoonist is a doughboy. So is General Pershing. So are we all of us.

If a better name, "Yanks" perhaps, gets into circulation, we shall use it. If, on the other hand, "doughboy" should become the universal name, we cannot claim to have invented it.

We have only one claim to fame. It is this. Never, so help us, have we nauseated and unnerved a doughboy by calling him a "Sammie!"

The editors fail to say why "doughboy." Perhaps everybody in the army knew it. Perhaps they were too indignant about "Sammie." The mere civilian editor of this Magazine ventures to explain that "doughboy" dates back to the Civil War when army wit was aroused by large globular brass buttons on infantry uniforms. Somebody (he must have been a sailor) dubbed the buttons "doughboys" because they reminded him of the boiled dumplings of raised dough served in ships' messes and known to all sailors as doughboys. Soon the cavalry began to refer to the infantry as doughboys. "Wasn't I glad I was not a doughboy!" wrote General Custer, the famous cavalryman, in 1867, when describing a hard journey over the western plains.

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More Nurses

An interview with Miss Jane A. Delano, *head of the Red Cross Nursing Service*, by Francis Bellamy

OVER thirty years ago two girls, best friends, left a New York boarding school and separated. One came from a long line of Boston missionaries. The other belonged to a family of New York clergymen. Neither, however, was conscious of any "mission" in the world.

One afternoon, the New York girl heard from her friend that she was studying nursing in the Boston City Hospital Training School before leaving for India; a letter had come from her brother telling her that his wife had died and asking her to come to the Orient. She had decided to go as a nurse.

The thing fired the imagination of the New York girl. She wrote and asked for more information. Her friend advised her to enter Bellevue Hospital Training School in New York. She did.

In India, the Boston girl became a pioneer among nursing missionaries. The New York girl, ten years later, returned to Bellevue as its superintendent of nurses, having experienced, meanwhile, all the pioneer service of a nurse in the days of the late eighties and early nineties—yellow fever in Florida in the great epidemic, work in the copper districts of the Southwest, work in the great city hospitals of the eastern states. She had reorganized the nursing work at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital and had found time to take a course at the Buffalo Medical School.

She was Jane A. Delano, now head of the nurses of the American Red Cross. To-day, this same Miss Delano—tall, white-haired, giving an impression of indomitable will—directs from her corner in the Red Cross Building in Washington the Red Cross Nursing Service that reaches around the world.

She has seen the nursing profession grow from the days when a registered nurse was as unheard of as a French "75", and there were not a half dozen training schools in the country and the followers of Florence Nightingale struggled to establish them—she has seen it grow from that to the magnificent body it is now, with nearly seventy thousand members and all the *esprit de corps* of a devoted profession.

In the Red Cross, she has seen emerge from chaos thousands of nurses now governed by military regulations; she has seen the *Eastland* steamship disaster in Chicago bring home to every one the necessity of having nurses on a scene of disaster at once; she has watched the Hamilton flood and the Mexican border trouble do their dramatic part in showing the vital need for organization and an inventory of resources.

And now in Europe a new, heroic chapter in the story of the nurses of America is being written. In the long corridors of hospitals near Paris, in unheated barracks behind the British lines, at American army bases in eastern France, in the cantonments and naval stations in this country the vanguard of a new nursing army has gone.

In field hospitals close to the lines in Picardy American girls sit out their watch in candle-lighted wards, taking care of boys from home. On grisly, swinging hospital trains they lean over the stretchers and bind up the wounds of the badly hurt. In little groups they are pouring into England to take care of the growing need there, as the boys from home are brigaded with the English regiments and "Blighty" takes on a new meaning for them.

In battered villages by the Marne little groups of New England girls are sleeping now in cellars, now in palaces, hurried in rumbling motors from place to place on their work of mercy. Even in Provençal villages, far behind the lines, a new kind of "visiting nurse" comes

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Miss Jane A. Delano who, from her office in the Red Cross Building in Washington, directs the Red Cross Nursing Service that reaches around the world

to help take care of little Pierre and Madeleine whose father is "at the war"—a nurse who first saw the light of day along the distant Ohio, and who does not merely visit but who actually bathes and helps the sick children and makes "Maman" understand that the great *Croix Rouge Américaine* is out to battle tuberculosis to the death in France.

This is the new chapter in the story of the nurses, a chapter containing a new emergency, too. In her corner room in Washington, indeed, Miss Delano sees fast approaching the day when this stream of nurses will not be sufficient to meet the needs. Only to-day, for instance, a cablegram has come from Major Perkins in Paris—that Paris where the roar of battle is an actual sound:

> I have cabled repeatedly for nurses. I cannot have too many. They are coming. But I want more.
>
> (signed) PERKINS.

From Endicott, in London, where but yesterday there were a hundred thousand empty beds and to-day there is not one:

> Fifty nurses have arrived. The army alone can use hundreds.
>
> (signed) ENDICOTT

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These are some of the cables that are beginning to voice the desperate need. Listen to Miss Delano herself: and Miss Delano is not easily excited!

"We must have more nurses. More and more troops are going to the front all the time. Surgeon-General Gorgas says he must have twenty to thirty thousand more despite the ten thousand we have furnished. We have got to find them. It is inconceivable that we won't."

"Several thousand nurses are needed—unless the personnel of the Navy receive adequate medical and nursing attention, the control of the seas must suffer," says Surgeon-General Braisted.

"Every trained nurse who can go, must do so. The day will soon be past when a woman with children can, with a good conscience, keep a trained nurse for her children. Those nurses are wanted in the hospitals to nurse men in agony—American boys.

"I don't think people realize what this means. There are only some eighty thousand nurses altogether. It means that if you and I are trained nurses, one of us must go. We cannot let our boys go out to war and forsake them or leave them to others. There are no others to whom to leave them. The women of France, of England, are bearing their own crosses. We must bear ours. The trained nurse must be released for the first battle line.

"This is the meaning of our Red Cross drive for nurses.

"The army is growing every day. By the hundred thousand the boys are pouring into the camps and cantonments in the United States, from American Lake, Washington, to Alexandria, La., to Devens, Massachusetts. Hospitals with thousands of beds are ready for them there, manned so far by that devoted vanguard of volunteer nurses. Here is a letter from one of them."

Miss Delano handed me a letter from her broad-topped desk. I caught a sentence in the middle of the page:

"—To live and to work here is a privilege; it means roughing and pioneering I admit, but that is what makes the work worth while. I often think that those who hesitate to respond to the Red Cross call do not know what great opportunities they are missing. I hope the nurses will realize before it is too late what joy one can find in this cantonment work."

"She is one of the hundreds who are playing the game—but we haven't enough like her. Soon we shall be swamped. We shall not be able to take care of our soldiers unless the women of the country back us!"

For a moment Miss Delano paused while my mind rejected instinctively the possibility she had suggested. The women of the country not back her! Why, of course the women of the country would back her, if they only knew!

For just a second, however, I thought I did see a difficulty. Only the day before I had been informed that it was already becoming next to impossible to fill the places of volunteer nurses for social service. And the drain on the nursing profession had hardly begun! Perhaps the nurses could not go! Did it presage a condition in this country, where nursing work was concerned, analogous to the medical situation in France where to-day whole cities of thousands of inhabitants are left without a single physician?

"But what about here?" I asked. "Supposing this country is drained of its nurses in order to take care of our army, and an epidemic should arise? What about our hospitals here, too? We have got to play safe here at the base of supplies, haven't we? Has that been considered?"

Miss Delano echoed my words. Then, "We are looking at the situation from all standpoints," she replied. "We are planning for all contingencies. We don't expect every nurse to go abroad. Some one must hold the fort here until the women of the country arrive, because it takes two to three years to make a good nurse. The visiting nurse must hold the fort in the meantime—that is our plan for this country.

"Upon her, with the assistance of untrained helpers, must fall the burden of caring for the sick at home. Her task is going to be tremendous. She will have not only to maintain our lines against the inroads of disease common in peace time, but also against all the evils war brings in its train—high prices and reduced food among the poor, congestion around the new mushroom industrial plants, all the dislocation of war, in fact, with its threat of epidemics and weakening of health safeguards.

"We want just as many trained nurses to enter the Red Cross service for that work as for the work abroad with the Army and Navy Nurse Corps. We must distribute our nursing army to the best advantage until the re-

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serves arrive. The public health nurse does not confine her daily time to one person, you see, but visits many.

"We realize the situation in the hospitals, too. We aren't even encouraging some of our chief nurses to go—because they are too badly needed here, as yet. But they will have to go in time, no doubt.

"That is one of the reasons for our establishment of the three months' preliminary course at Vassar College. It is a bid to the college girl to take up nursing as a profession, and make an attempt to substitute later on in one of the executive positions which are going to be left empty. We want the young women of America to enlist! No matter whether they are high school or college girls!"

The phrase brought to me a flash of enlightenment. Enlist! Yes, that was the word for this situation. The American youth had enlisted because his chance had been plain, his duty apparent. The American girl had been willing to serve, too, but in thousands of cases her opportunity until now had not been clear! But there was nothing doubtful about this!

"Who is eligible?" I asked.

The answer came as if snapped out from a dynamo. "Every young woman in America with common sense, good health, a high school education, and who is between nineteen and thirty-five years of age!"

Miss Delano's voice took on an added seriousness of tone.

"We must look at things these days from a broader aspect than simply 'more nurses,' too. We have the example of France, England, and latterly Italy, before us—where women are bearing a greater burden industrially, commercially, and professionally every day. In the nursing profession we must look ahead.

"There is practically no possibility of this shortage in nurses being merely temporary. Rather the reverse. The wastage in human life is not going to be among our soldiers alone. Many of our nurses will never return; some will come back broken from long-continued horrors and overwork too hard for human nerves. Among these, particularly, will be those devoted women upon whom most responsibility has been thrust—our chief nurses. Age and responsibility will write a high casualty list among them.

"And after the war I firmly believe there will come one of the greatest demands for nurses and medical knowledge the world has ever seen—a demand that will be confined to no one country of the globe even if it be stronger in countries like France, Italy, and Belgium.

"Nursing will be a profession more valued and necessary than ever. The fact adds an impetus to the call of patriotism which must not be underestimated. With many girls a livelihood must perforce be tied up with a national need before they can volunteer. Once that is assured, their patriotic spirit can have full play; then they will soon be leaving the training schools to relieve our visiting nurses and their lay helpers."

"Their lay helpers?" I queried. The phrase carried an implication I was not quite sure I understood.

Miss Delano smiled.

"That is part of the mission of the Red Cross," she said. "Health! Medical knowledge! Wherever there is a Red Cross chapter to-day we have arranged that any one can get our course of instruction in Home Care of the Sick—if it is not immediately at hand the Division will see that it is made so at once.

"We in this country must prepare for the worst. We must learn to take care of ourselves. We must all become lay workers so that sickness in our homes can have no terrors for us due to ignorance. Every visiting nurse, every hospital nurse, in the near future, is going to need all the assistance she can secure—whether that assistance come directly under her supervision in the form of lay workers, or in the shape of nursing knowledge in thousands of homes she has not the strength to visit but where a little knowledge may render her call unnecessary.

"Every American woman, young or old, has a chance here to enlist. I haven't the slightest doubt of the result."

As I closed the heavy door to her office and went down the marble corridor of the Red Cross Building, I didn't have the slightest doubt either. There must be few women in the United States to-day who could not answer part of that call she had just voiced to me—and none who wouldn't!

For information regarding training schools write to the Committee on Nursing, Council of National Defense, Washington, D. C.

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Mothers—In War Time

By Maurice Maeterlinck

This eloquent eulogy was translated for us from the preface to a portfolio of drawings by L. Levy Dhurmer, from which we have reproduced four pictures. As we go to press, we learn that the English rights to the Maeterlinck preface belongs to "Good Housekeeping," and we are indebted to the editor for consenting to its use in this magazine.

THEY bear the great grief of this war. In our streets, in our squares, on the roads, in the churches, in all our houses, we brush against mothers who have lost their sons, or who live in an anguish even more cruel than the certainty of death.

Let us try to understand their loss.

Their sons are taken from them at life's fairest moment, when their own lives are on the decline. When a child dies in infancy, its soul seems not to depart, but to await, in the vicinity of her who brought it into the world, the hour of returning in some new form. But a son who dies at twenty does not return, and he leaves no hope behind him. He takes away with him all that remained of his mother's future, all that she gave him, all that he promised, the cares, the anguish and the smiles that accompanied his birth, his childhood, the joys of youth, the reward and the harvest of mature years, the prop and the peace of old age. He takes away far more than himself: numberless days come to a sudden termination, an entire line is quenched, a host of faces, of caressing little hands, of laughter and of games falls under that blow on the battlefield, bids farewell to the sunlight, and returns to the earth which it will never have known.

And yet, our mothers do not weep as have the mothers of other wars. All their sons disappear one by one, and we do not hear them complain and mourn as in other days, when great sorrows, and great disasters were accompanied by the lamentations of women.

We know not what sustains them and gives them the strength to bear the remainder of their life. Some among them have other children, and we can understand how they lavish upon them the love and the future which death has cut short. Many have never lost, or else they try to recover their faith in the eternal promises. But so many others, whose dwelling is forever desolate, seem to entertain the same hope as those in whom hope has always been alive.

What is it that upholds the courage which we look upon with amazement? When the wisest among us come upon one of these mothers, searching all the while for words which, in the face of the blinding reality of the greatest grief that can smite the heart, shall not have the way of mocking lies, they can find little or nothing to say to her. They talk of justice and the beauty of the cause for which the hero fell, of the enormous and necessary sacrifice, of the remembrance and the gratitude of men, of the unreality of life which is not to be measured by length of days, but by the height of duty and glory attained. Perhaps they add that the dead do not die, that those who are no more live nearer to our souls than when they were in the flesh, and that all that we loved in them endures in our hearts.

But as they speak, they sense the emptiness of what they say. They understand that all this is true for those whom death has not plunged into the abyss; that the most vivid memory cannot replace one dear reality which can be touched with hands, and lips; that the most elevated thought is not worth the familiar coming in and going out; the presence at meal times, the farewell embrace, the rapture of the return.

The mothers know it and feel it better than we can, and that is why they make no answer to one's words of consolation, they listen to them in silence, and find within themselves reasons for living, and for hoping. They take up again the burden of their days, without telling us whence they draw their strength, without revealing to us the secret of their sacrifice and of their heroism.

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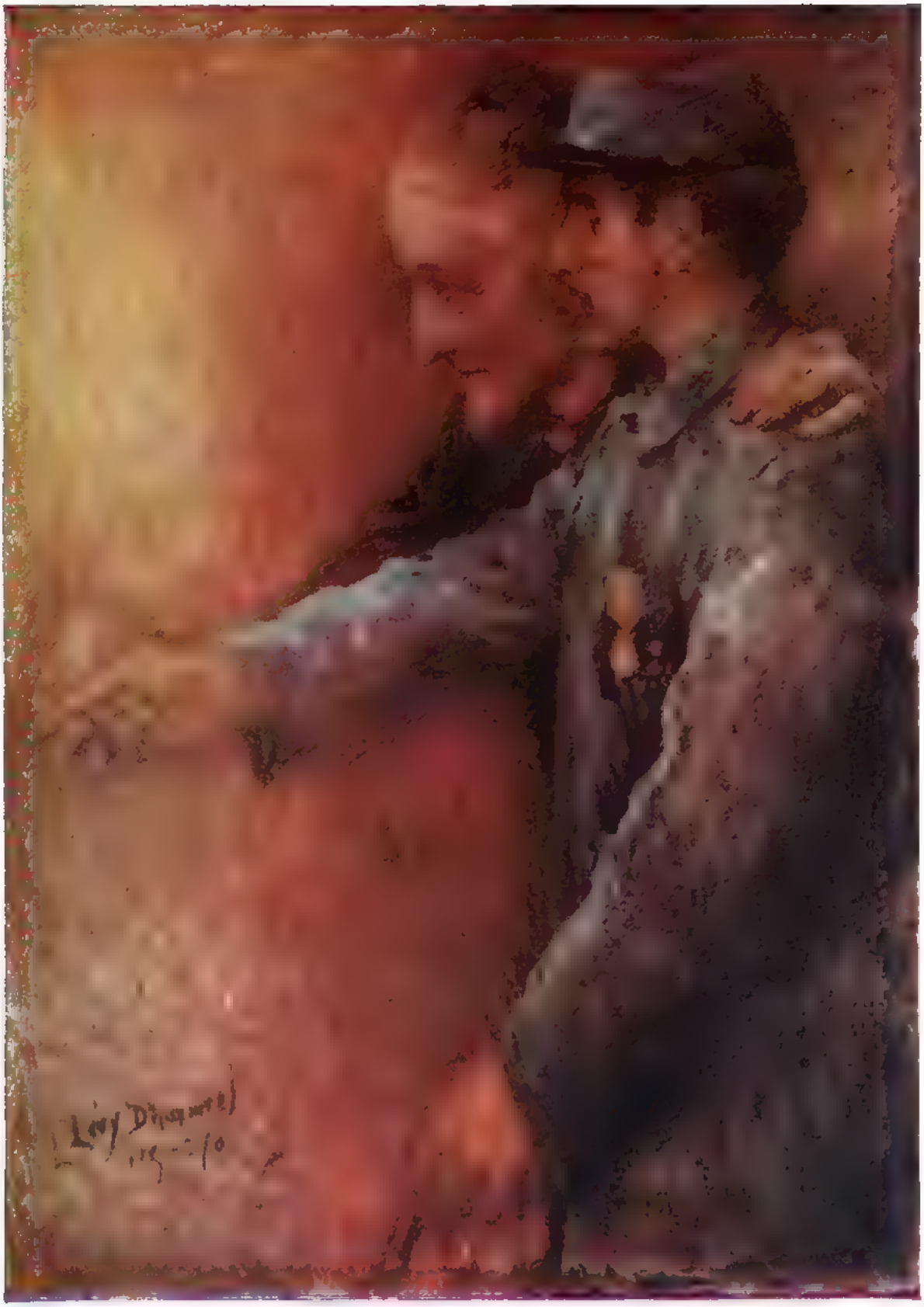

THE MOTHER OF THE BLIND SOLDIER

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THE END OF THE FURLOUGH

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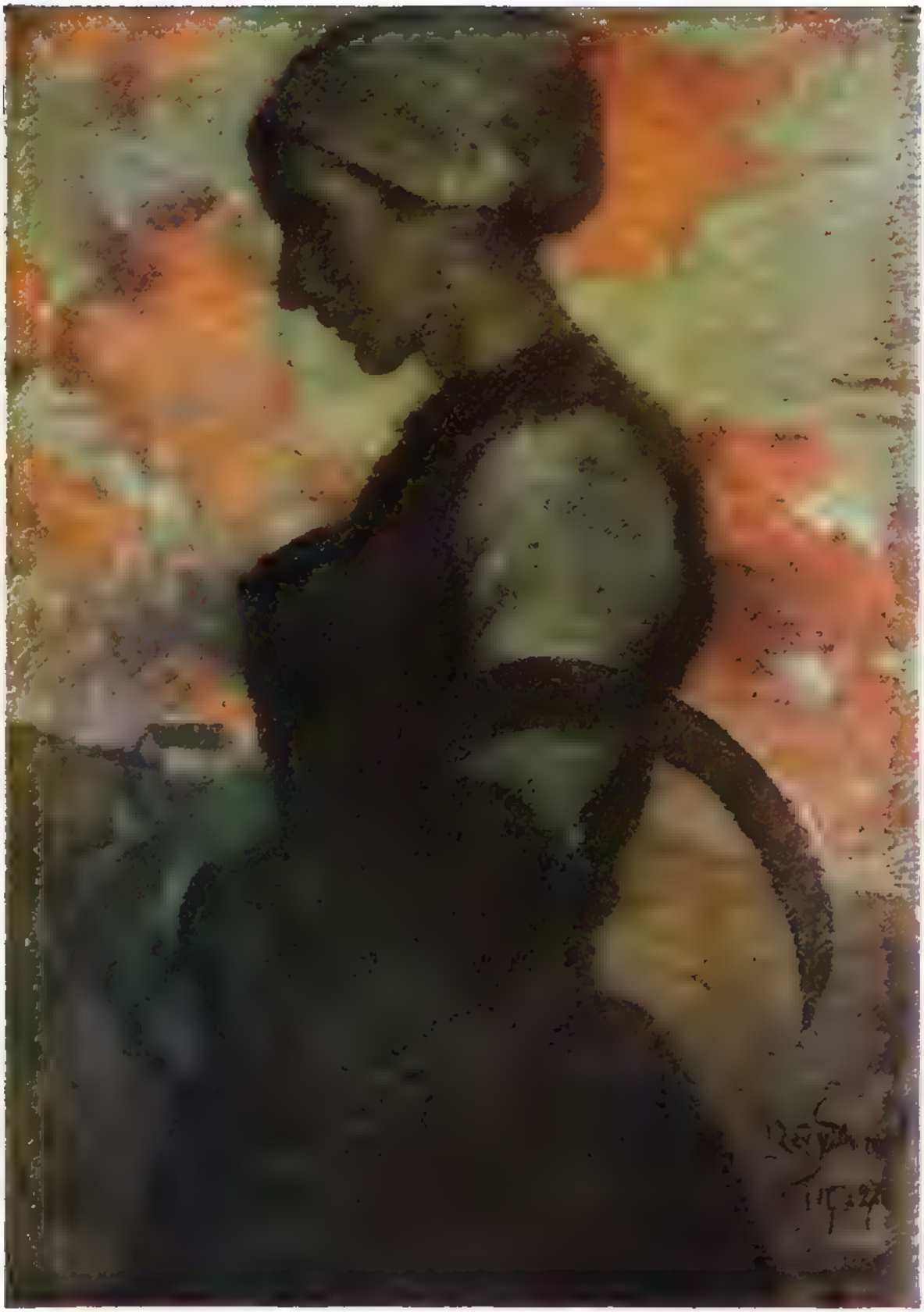

IN HIS PLACE AT HARVEST TIME

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THE CHILD OF THE AVIATOR

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Helping Hands Across the Sea

An interview with ELIOT WADSWORTH, *Acting Chairman of the American Red Cross*

By Francis Bellamy

IN THE upbuilding of the morale of nations, as well as in ministering to their physical well-being, it has been an inspiration to view the work of the Red Cross in Europe."

Eliot Wadsworth, of the Red Cross War Council, just returned from his trip of three months through the warring countries of Europe, leaned back in his chair in his corner room in the Red Cross Building in Washington. Before his eyes there had unrolled all the far-flung work of the Red Cross from Scotland to Sicily. He had seen at first hand the bitterness of the struggle for life which little Switzerland was making; he had witnessed the pathetic tragedy that inhabits the remaining strip of Belgium; he had seen war-worn France still unbeaten; and meanwhile had inspected with critical eye the work of the Red Cross Commissions which sailed abroad exactly a year ago this June. What had impressed him most?

He re-echoed the question in the June heat.

"The one thing about the Red Cross abroad which impressed me most," he said, "is the emergency nature of its work. Of course it was one emergency after another with us at the beginning; but the thing remains emergency work now, in spite of all our plans and organization. The greatest emergency, naturally was the one which confronted us at the beginning of the war. We needed money, and we needed the greatest amount of money which the world had ever raised for the purposes of relief—simply because the emergency was the greatest. Once America had raised the money there arose the problem of spending it correctly. Reviewing the Red Cross work in Europe these past few months has made our accomplishment there seem almost a wonder to me. When we sent Grayson Murphy and Robert Perkins and the rest of the commissioners abroad, we simply said: 'Go the limit. Tell them America is coming as soon as she can.'"

"Mr. Perkins was running a great manufacturing organization and Mr. Murphy was Vice-President of the Guarantee Trust Company of New York. They were all American business men thrown together to carry the message of America in every possible way they could. We made up our minds that we would help our allies by doing what was best for each one of them. That, of course, is why the work has taken such different forms in different places. There were 300,000 Belgians, for instance, with no funds, practically no country, no homes. Contrasted to that were 45,000,000 Italians composing a loosely knit nation with many diverse cross turns of opinion. We all know what France was and is. Sympathy and open-mindedness have led our work into the many diverse channels which it follows to-day

"But above all, the forethought and vision of those men who first went, have been responsible for the magnificent condition of Red Cross affairs to-day.

"And it is magnificent."

Mr. Wadsworth grinned at the pictures his memory suddenly conjured up.

"They had us dizzy at first after they'd gone abroad last year—ordering fifty motor trucks, 200 Fords, 100,000 blankets, a million mufflers, gloves and so on—all at the same time. And following them up with more demands the next day. We were overwhelmed." His eyes flashed a little.

"But when winter came they had the stuff—the actual stuff. All our hundred million dollars would have been useless when this last drive came, for instance, if their vision hadn't transmuted into the material the dollars we in this country gave. When the refugees came

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pouring down we had the stuff; not only money but tons of flour, shoes, food—things that were priceless. It did my heart good to see our warehouses in France, not only the half dozen in Paris but those scattered over the rest of the country at tactical points. They are simply crammed with everything from shoes to surgical dressings."

Mr. Wadsworth rose and looked out across the lawn of the Mall, crowded with home-going clerks and all the color of Washington in war time. In the Circle a ball game was in progress.

"I wish, as a matter of fact, that I could give everyone in America some idea of what our work abroad really means. We said to those men last year: 'Go over and paint a picture on Europe that says: We are with you!' And they have done it. Each Commission has painted it a little differently, according to the materials which they have had to use; but everyone in Europe has had one glimpse or another of the things done

"It has been like a mosaic in a way, like all accomplishment perhaps. The personality of those men has accomplished this work here, that work there, until the whole thing, fitted together, has resulted in the accomplishment we have now.

"The truth of this came home to me most poignantly when I visited the little remaining strip of Belgium. You probably know the outstanding features of the Belgian situation—a little strip of country, ten by forty miles, all of it under shell fire by the Germans; the Government at Le Havre, King Albert in a farm house and the country a desolate land of broken houses and impoverished people.

"The tragedies of that small piece of country seem almost endless. Near Montreux a group of seven hundred old people live in an ancient Benedictine monastery; scattered all along the coast in colonies of from two to three hundred are twelve thousand Belgian refugee children; and in the broken houses and smashed villages the Belgian soldiers who are on leave take their rest (still fed by their army commissariat).

"But the personality of Dr. Van Schaick has put a smile on that country which seems almost visible. Van Schaick has adopted all those Belgians, and is spending his days and nights traveling up and down in his little Ford car searching for opportunity to lighten the load these people bear. The things he does are little things, but they are making his name and the name of the Red Cross beloved among the thousands of people in that strip of country along the channel. At one time, or another, I believe he has met every Belgian alive, giving them everything from clothes to cows.

"He stopped one night at the Benedictine monastery for instance—and found the old people sitting in the darkness. The thing affected him so strongly that he did not rest until he had bought up an electric light plant and put it in for those old refugees.

"The tents he gave the Belgian soldiers in their rest camps is another instance. Each regiment has a canteen of course; but often the shortage of food is so great that they have not had adequate supplies. Van Schaick gave them tents and, where necessary, he bought old chairs and tables and by some executive miracle got them transported.

"I was there seven days and everyone I saw fell on Van Schaick's neck. As Brand Whitlock said, 'Van Schaick, despite his Schenectady French—he comes from Schenectady—with his little Ford car and his cheerful self, braving wind, snow, and rain all winter, merely to give others something, is a fit subject for a poem.'

"And of course Dr. Van Schaick is only one of many. The same thing is true of Endicott in England, of Ryan in Servia, Perkins in Italy, and of a host of men like Major Perkins and Dr. Lucas in France.

"In Italy, Colonel Perkins has done a splendid piece of work. You know, of course, all the details of how for months he has been assisting Italy in every way; helping the refugees,

Postal card received by refugees from the Red Cross workers — and sent by them to men at the front — thus reassuring the soldiers that their families and homes are safely under the care of the American Red Cross

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Mr. Eliot Wadsworth, Acting Chairman of the American Red Cross, was born in Boston and educated at Harvard. He was for years a member of the famous Boston firm of Stone & Webster. When the war came, Mr. Wadsworth gave a year to the Rockefeller War Relief work travelling, in Poland, Sweden, Serbia, and Russia. He then came, fully equipped, to the Red Cross Society in September, 1916

establishing warehouses, canteens and dry food shops where food is sold at cost. One small thing impressed me most, however, showing as it did the American genius for meeting new conditions.

"With the small organization at his command last autumn, he had begun to despair of ever making that impression on the Italian nation which was so vital for both Italy and her new ally, the United States. So, in the winter, he divided Italy into 14 sections, took every available man and covered the country by motor in two weeks—under stress of a single idea.

"He prepared a message in Italian giving the story of America's resolve to stand with Italy to the finish. To every town and village Premier Orlando telegraphed, telling them that officers of the American Red Cross were coming with aid for the soldiers' families. In every

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town he had the Italian authorities make up a list of those who needed assistance. And promptly on time the Red Cross motors set out bearing to the Italian villages not merely a promise of assistance but actual cash.

"The story is one of romance and excitement. Through certain parts of Italy the best men of the Italian Secret Service accompanied the Red Cross cars bearing currency. In Northern Italy one man covered one hundred and twelve towns in nine days. At every place a meeting was held; America's resolve read; and the money given to the families designated. To each family was given a post-card with the request that when they wrote to the husband or father at the front they would use it.

"The result was tremendous. Thousands of Italian soldiers in the cold of northern Italy, worn out by three years of war, received these postal cards from their wives and families. From them the soldiers learned that America had been to their homes and had given their families the assistance they so sadly needed—particularly as spring was coming on and food was hard to get."

Mr. Wadsworth stood up suddenly and turned to the map which hung on the wall.

"The sun shone brighter for those men for that act of the Red Cross. It told them a tale which it is hard for us in this country to understand. It meant that there was ahead a turn in the long, arduous lane which they had been treading these weary months. It was typical of the emergency nature of the work which the men of the Red Cross have had to do in Europe.

"Here is Switzerland, for instance.

"In Switzerland we have not done as much as we will in the future. Our Red Cross Commission has now arrived. The keynote of the Swiss situation has been and is, of course, so far as we are concerned, prisoners' relief. For all these months, nevertheless, the Swiss Red Cross has carried the burden of the rapatrie. Officials of the Swiss Red Cross have accompanied every train from Germany to Evian. Tuberculosis is widespread among the wounded and interned. Month after month the worn out invalided Italian and Servian and French soldiers have been returned through Switzerland. Stranded there are many of the sick.

"Without these added worries, the position of Switzerland would be desperate enough. From the Allies she has gotten the food, wool, cotton, cocoa which is necessary for her industries. From the Germans she has gotten her supplies of coal and iron. She has experienced the greatest difficulty with both sides in securing even what was vital for her existence. Added to this industrial situation has been the complete cessation of the tourist trade.

"And yet, in spite of all this, they have met every call of these uninvited guests of war. They have pushed every form of relief energetically. The cripples, the sick, the rapatries, the tubercular, all have received the greatest possible measure of assistance. Switzerland's experience during the last three years has been one of struggle after struggle, of meeting call after call from rapidly dwindling resources.

"These are the reasons that have prompted the sending of the new Red Cross Commission from America to take Ellis Riesel's place. Week by week the calls on us will become greater and greater, as our troops engage in active fighting and more and more prisoners are taken into Germany, where we must look after them with food and clothing and all those necessaries which experience has proven should supplement the fare of the German prison camps. Beyond this at present we are not prepared to go.

"But wherever we do go, you can assure every member of the Red Cross our work will be well done. I have seen and I know. I only wish every Red Cross member could have been with me, so that they could share my faith in the future."

"And what is the immediate future in your judgment?"

"The future!" he echoed. "For the Red Cross, the future is one of sacrifice, of giving. That is the future in this country. Abroad, the future means the bearing every day of a greater portion of that burden which is rightfully ours. The refugee situation grows more acute daily. Coupled with it, the ability of the relief societies of our Allies to raise voluntary funds grows less. The burden, day by day, more and more, will devolve on us. We of America are young, strong, rich, untouched. It is up to America now.

"Our gifts to the French Red Cross, to the Scottish Women's Hospital, to the British Red Cross, point the way. Our call is plain. Our duty is to keep giving. And we must give—not only money and food, but the helping hand of sympathy which makes all things easier."

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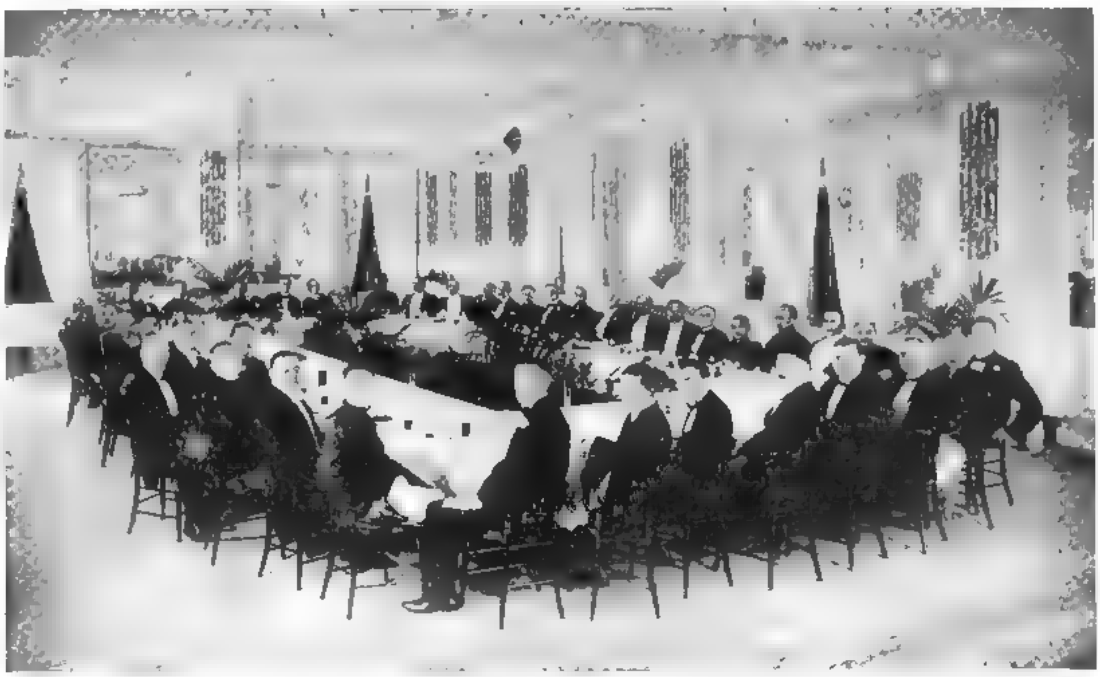

Luncheon in Shanghai, where the American members of the local American Red Cross met their Chinese friends to organize the Second War Fund Drive, which netted about $100,000 (gold) and 50,000 Chinese as associate members

The New Chapters in China

IT WAS not until this spring that the thirteen chapters, composed for the most part of Americans living abroad, were founded in China; but under the leadership of Mr. Julean Arnold, Field Representative for China, they have made great progress.

Besides enlisting all the Americans in Shanghai, they received, as associate members, Chinese friends who were in sympathy with the aims of the American chapters, and in Shanghai alone the cable announces 50,000 Chinese joined in the week of the drive.

From Canton comes a story of great activity, and the publication of a special edition of a magazine in Chinese, devoted to the American drive. Processions like those held in America were formed in many Chinese cities under the direction of the local Red Cross chapters, and ninety-nine per cent. of the marchers carrying the American banners were Chinese.

A military and a civil governor in one of the provinces have sent through Tientsin a cable congratulating the American Red Cross on the success of the drive, and expressing their interest and delight at the opportunity to coöperate. The enthusiasm has been so great that no one can prophesy what the result in China will be.

The following paragraph is taken from a long article by Dr. Ida Kahn, the well-known Chinese doctor and publicist—one of the very many articles which are appearing in the papers of China:

"Let us give so truly, freely and gladly that we may become worthy sharers in the American Red Cross Society. And in time its wonderful spirit will radiate into all of us and quicken us into life and a real democracy. Thus, like a true friend and good neighbor, America will be the means of lifting us out of the mire, for where there is a true spirit of democracy there only is the real republic."

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At the Red Cross Front

Out of the sky, in her airplane, came this French Red Cross nurse to aid the wounded soldier.—From a drawing by E Friant

Almost a Golden Fleece

BILL of Bend, Oregon, celebrated Saint Patrick's Day by raising $5,000 for the Red Cross. Bill doesn't know that he did it. Five thousand dollars, or even five hundred thousand, are nothing in his young life, for Bill is only an Oregonian sheep.

C. S. Hudson, President of the First National Bank of Bend, did honor to the good Saint by arranging a little feast to which he invited all the sheep-men in southern Oregon. One of them brought a guest. It was Bill.

He donated Bill to the Red Cross, and George W. Russell, who owns or owned a trifling ranch worth about a quarter of a million, acted as auctioneer. Bidding was pretty good. Before it was ended, every man, woman, and child in the big Pilot Butte Inn had been Bill's proud owner for at least a minute. When the auction came to its breathless end, the treasury of the local Chapter had $5,000 more than before Bill made his début

Then it was resolved unanimously that Bill was too good a thing to keep at home selfishly. So

Bill started on a tour of the State, to visit every Chapter and turn his fleece into gold for the cross of mercy.

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The Red Cross in Our Littlest Possession

GUAM is "sure enough American," but it is entirely surrounded by water, and there is an awful lot of it, for the water is the Pacific Ocean, which is notorious for the amount of sailing one can do on it without striking land. Letters from Guam do some traveling. This picture started from Guam on March 30th, with an accompanying note from Captain Roy C. Smith, U. S. N. and Governor of Guam. It was headed "Government House," which sounds, somehow, as letters from Pacific Islands ought to sound. "A picture enclosed," said the Governor, briefly, "which may be of interest for the Magazine." It is—for these attractive young persons are native ladies of Guam, knitting for the Red Cross. They are doing it on the veranda of Mrs. M. K. Johnson's house.

They Know Only Little But——

A LETTER drifted in from Alaska the other day. It was from Anna M. Birkinbine, chairman of the Haines Branch, Juneau Chapter, American Red Cross, and it told of the work being done by the native Indians.

"It must be borne in mind," said the writer, "that the natives do not understand fully why the United States is at war; or, rather, they do not understand what it is all about. But they do understand that the Great White Father (the Government which protects them) is in trouble; and they feel that it is their duty to do all they can to help in this hour of need."

They are doing it. The work of organizing the natives into an auxiliary of the Haines Branch was not begun till last January, but already one hundred and eighty-one natives have joined, and the eagerness, delight, and enthusiasm with which they have entered into the work for the Red Cross are astonishing.

They paid their dollars for membership with touching pride, and they have labored loyally with their unaccustomed fingers to make hospital garments and knit socks. They made many mistakes, and much of their early work had to be done over again. At first the white women feared that it might discourage them, were their unsuccessful attempts returned to them for improvement; but they were surprised agreeably. These poor Indians tried, and tried again. Now, as the letter tells us, their work compares favorably with that done by white women. "I believe," says the writer, "that some of them did nothing else until they had completed their tasks aright."

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"Do What You Can for Mother"

A Sailor's S. O. S.

OUR soldiers and sailors worry very little about themselves or about the chances of battle. What they do worry about is trouble that may fall on their families or dependants at home. That is the thing that may lower their morale.

The American Red Cross has established its Department of Civilian Relief and Home Service to assure our fighting men that somebody is looking earnestly after the people "back home," and that things will be kept right there, no matter what happens.

Here is a typical "S. O. S." from a sailor, which reached an eastern branch of the Civilian Relief recently. It shows how our sailors can be helped to do their best fighting by being relieved from uneasiness about their own.

Somewhere in France, March 28, 1918.

"HOME SERVICE, RED CROSS:

DEAR SIRS

Just a few lines to let you know I am in government service in the U. S Navy and I have a Mouther and 5 brother and sisters. My Father had been burnt to death and I am the only supoort to my Mouther. I ben in service a month now and I like it fine. My Father is dead 5 weeks now, I want you to see what you can do for them if you pleas. I am well and happy, jest arrived saft over. I am over here 2 years I gess or till the war is over I gess. I have got a small aloutment maid out to my Mouther but it doesnt amount to mutch, and I have a sister, she is 13-8 months old, try to get her working papers to go to work, will you pleas? There is 5 children all under 14 years old. The youngest is 2 months if it is livin. It was kind of sick ond my Mouther is worried pretty bad about it. There is no one looking out for them just now so do the best you can and I wont forget you when I get out of the service.

Yours sincerely,

ANDREW ——."

The S. O. S. Answered

A skilled Home Service worker visited the family on the very day of receipt of the letter. It was found that the facts were as given in the note and that Andrew was, indeed, the sole support of the group and was allotting $25 a month from his pay. It was found, also, that a little intelligent advice and some skilled nursing direction were all that were needed to put this frugal, earnest family completely on its feet.

The Red Cross helped, first of all, to collect $600 insurance due from the husband's policy. This paid the funeral bills and cleared off a mortgage of $500 on the little home.

Through the Employees' Compensation Board an allowance of $12.50 a week for 270 weeks was obtained for the widow. The case seemed to warrant

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clearly an increase in the Government allowance on behalf of soldiers' and sailors' dependants, from the $10 a month then being received, to $50 a month. Application was made, and if it is approved, Mrs.•— will have $24.50 a week and a home free and clear. Thus she will be able to keep her two little girls, Anna and Stella, in school and care properly for her two young boys and the baby. Should the claim not be allowed, other measures will be taken for relief.

Did the Red Cross help Anna get her working papers? DECIDEDLY NOT. The Civilian Relief is determined that no child of a soldier shall give up education and possibly slave at some employment, in order that the men may fight for the country. The Red Cross is determined that every soldier's child shall have every possible chance to become an honor to the family's fighting name. Successful, happy families, the Red Cross believes, are the best monuments that any community can raise to its representatives in the army of liberty. No, Anna did not go to work. She was doing well in the parochial school and a free scholarship has been obtained for her. As for the baby—still sickly when its big brother's letter arrived—a District Nurse is visiting it constantly and helping its mother give it proper food and care, which apparently are its chief needs.

News of everything that was done has been hurried off to Andrew. He knows now that he can fight to his personal limit, in the irresistible devil-may-care American fashion, without one single home worry to disturb his aim as he squints down his rapid-firer at a periscope.

Something Like Aladdin in Indiana

AS EVERY reader will recall (even readers who have forgotten how to extract square roots and similar painful scholastic things) a certain Oriental person named Aladdin succeeded in having a palace built for himself in one night. He had the advantage of controlling genii, the only kind of Oriental workmen who did anything on time.

Genii have, unhappily, disappeared; but their descendants seem to live in Indiana. They built something out there in one day recently. It was not an Aladdin's palace, but as may be recalled, the palace does not appear to have served any useful purpose except for literary purposes, whereas the Indiana builders erected a whole Red Cross home.

In a certain city of workers there, they made up their minds that they wanted a building, and they wanted it at once. On the morning of April 27th the population went to work. There were seven hundred of them.

That evening the job was done. In a place that had been vacant on Friday night, there stood at 5 P. M. on Saturday evening, a building 100 feet long, 28 feet wide, complete with heating plant, plumbing, telephones, and sewing machine equipment. A Liberty bell hung in the tower. Sidewalks were all laid. There was even a sodded lawn.

Doubting, curious, or investigatingly inclined persons are invited to go to the steel city of Indiana Harbor and see for themselves. They will kindly look for a building in stucco finish with a large Red Cross in the centre. That will be it.

France Needed Her Grain

HENRY J. ALLEN, editor of the Wichita (Kansas) *Beacon*, tells a story that illustrates forcibly the implicit faith of the French people in the American Red Cross.

"At Toul I met a wonderful little woman, Madame Tirrell, of gentle birth and formerly accustomed to all the comforts of life. Her husband is in the trenches and she is working alone on her little farm, twelve miles behind the firing line. If she tries to work in her fields in the daytime, the Germans drop a shell thereabouts and she has to run to the shelter of her underground dugout where she lives day after day. At night she goes out under the stars alone and, with her gas mask in readiness around her neck, she has plowed and sowed and reaped thirty acres of wheat.

"Last August she took ten days' vacation to give birth to her baby. At the end of that time she brought the baby to Toul to turn it over to the American Red Cross. I endeavored to say what a heroine I considered her to be, and she passed it off as a matter of course. She says she has no hatred in her heart for the Germans and for what they have done to her, but she shed tears of womanly vexation and anger because the Germans wouldn't let her work in the daytime in her fields when she could accomplish so much more than by working at night in the darkness.

"When she left, she said, 'Good-by, Mr. Allen, I know that the American Red Cross is going to take care of my baby, but I must get back, for France needs my grain more than my baby needs me.'"

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Reaching Our Men Behind the Enemy Wall

KRIEGSGEFANGENENSENDUNG

Portofrei

TUCHEL

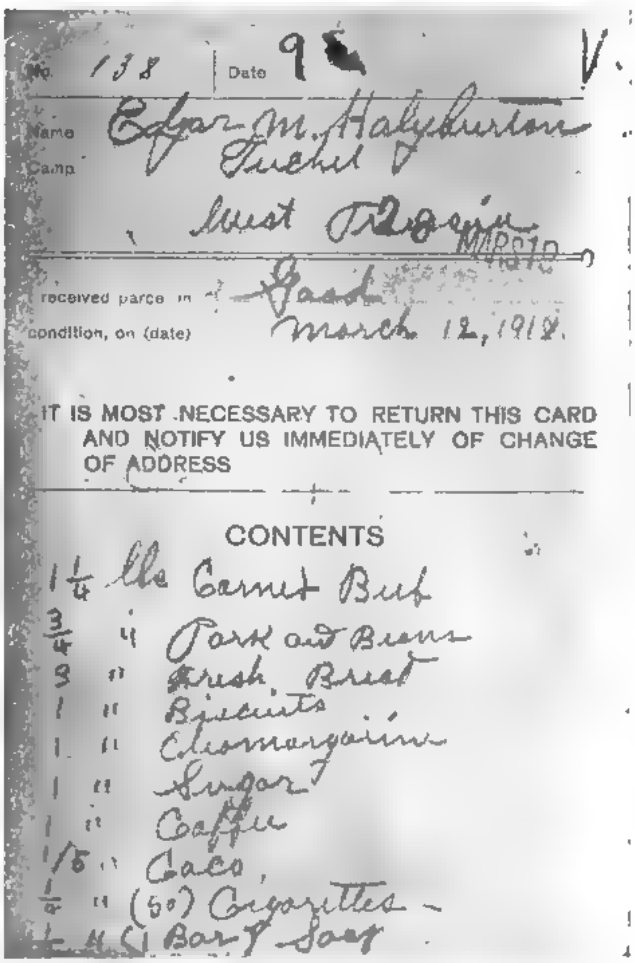
American Red Cross
Central Committee for American Prisoners

Hirschengraben 6

BERN
SCHWEIZ

THE American Red Cross is watching over our boys in German prisons. Twice a week it sends them packages containing American food and sometimes American clothes. With this package is a return postal card listing the contents. This the soldier signs and returns. A definite agreement for the safe and honest delivery of these packages has been made with the enemy. And in case the return postal card is not received, a thorough investigation takes place

* The address side of the receipt below, showing card was mailed at Tuchel, where Halyburton was imprisoned


No. 138 Date 9

Name Edgar M. Halyburton

Camp Tuchel

West Virginia

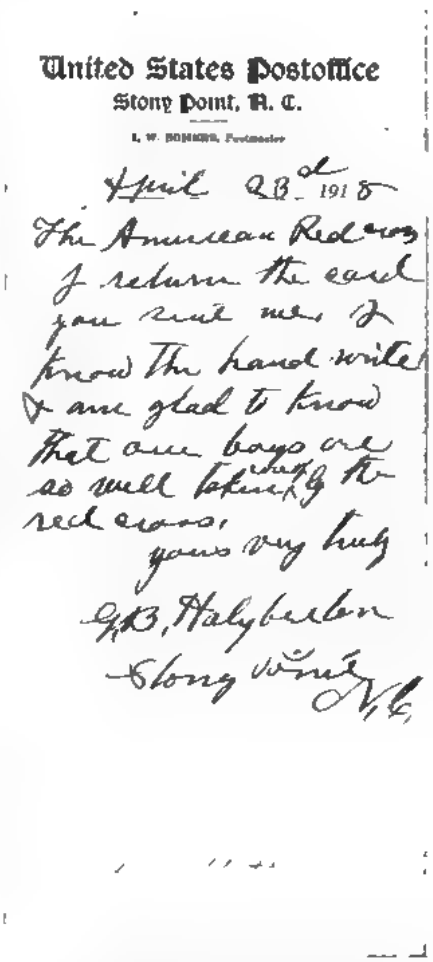
received parce in Good condition, on (date) March 12, 1918.

IT IS MOST NECESSARY TO RETURN THIS CARD AND NOTIFY US IMMEDIATELY OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS

CONTENTS

1 1/4 lbs Corned Beef
3/4 " Pork and Beans
3 " Fresh Bread
1 " Biscuits
1 " Chocomargarine
1 " Sugar
1 " Coffee
1/5 " Cacao
1/4 " (50) Cigarettes
1/4 " (1) Bar Soap

Return card signed by the American prisoner, Halyburton, which proved that the consignment reached the man


United States Postoffice
Stony Point, N. C.

L. W. BONNER, Postmaster

April 23d 1918

The American Red Cross
I return the card you sent me I know the hand writing and am glad to know that our boys are so well taken care of by the red cross.

yours very truly
G. B. Halyburton
Stony Point N.C.

Card from G. B. Halyburton, the father, completing the history of the shipment

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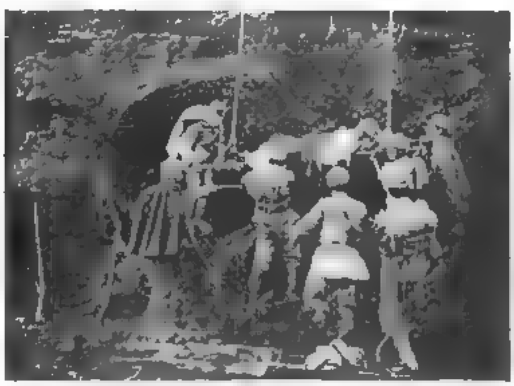
They Extracted Money From Flint

FLINT didn't prove hard to these youngsters and their fellow members of the Red Cross Juniors It happened to be their own town of Flint, Michigan, and it responded kindly to the Juniors' idea of having a "smokeless day" for the benefit of the Red Cross. The youngsters of Flint conducted the whole thing themselves, from the brooding on the idea to its successful hatching. The only thing that the adults had to do was to produce the money.

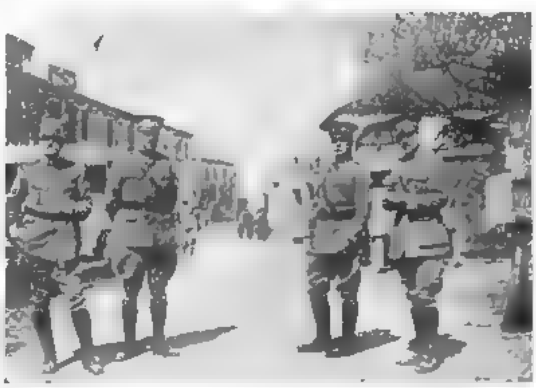
The pupils of the manual training classes made the posters, and on the appointed day the Juniors became sandwich men. Each sandwich man had a cigar-box with a little slot, and the smokers of Flint were expected to insert the money that they saved by not smoking on that day. There were determined smokers, of course, who couldn't stop for anything. The Juniors did not object to them. In fact, they were popular, for they paid fines that amounted to more than the value of the materials they were consuming.

The youngsters had a perfectly good day—collections, $300.

Italy's Wounded Go by Dizzy Ways



AN ITALIAN soldier, wounded in a battle high in the mountains and amid the clouds, has been swung over vast space and is being carefully lowered to the base of a precipice more than a thousand feet high, where a waiting ambulance will receive him at last



THE soldier may then find himself in an American Red Cross ambulance and under the guardianship of these gentlemen Major Guy Lowell, head of the Department of Military Affairs in Italy; Captain William R. Hereford, and Captain Bates, Field Captain of Ambulances of the American Red Cross

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In Marcus, South Dakota

JUST before this issue of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE went to press, the mail brought a poster. It was printed roughly on coarse salmon-pink paper, and it was headed: "Red Cross Sale at Marcus, By The Teachers of the Marcus District, Assisted by All the Teachers of the County."

On the lower half of the poster was a list of donations. Curious donations they were, and not the usual $1.00, $5.00 or $100.00; but everything else from a horse to a child's apron. And each gift was a real sacrifice, prompted by a desire on the part of the giver to help the Red Cross drive of last May. But when we studied that list, and realized what it meant, we knew that we must tell all the readers of the Magazine about it.

Probably there are only a few Americans fortunate enough to know Marcus. But it has set us an example well worth recording. It is a tiny place in South Dakota, thirty-seven miles from a railroad, a village rather than a town. It is in what is known as homestead country. We do not know what it looks like; but the poster convinces us that Marcus is a beautiful place, inhabited by fine people.

The first item on the list of donations was "1 horse." Do you know what it means to a homesteader to give a horse? There were twelve men, each of whom gave one. Surely, they gave "till it hurt."

A cow, a heifer, and a calf, and six pigs were next on the list, one given by each person. Then came chickens. One woman gave six. Another gave "1 hen."

A boy was down as the donor of a muskrat skin. One of the men who gave a pig, gave also a chair and a table. "1 sack of oats," "1 sack of alfalfa seed," "1 sack of potatoes," "1 sack winter wheat" —there were many who made these offerings, so rich with modest sacrifice.

One man gave his shotgun, another gave a plow. One gave a watch, another a gallon of lard. There was a child's apron. There was a sewing machine. A man (one may guess that he was a cowboy) gave a lariat. Another gave his spurs, and still another was set down as giving "1 bronch."

"One hammer" was on the list. Among the more pretentious gifts were two loads of hay, given by two men who gave the Red Cross the fruits of long and heavy labor.

There were men who had nothing to give but themselves, and they gave it. One was down as offering to do "$15 of mason work." His fellow gave "$30 worth of repairing any motor car." A woman gave "1 pair mitts;" another, a "comforter."

A modest little letter that accompanied the poster said: "These donations were pledged in the first two weeks. Up to date more than $200 in cash has been pledged also. The teachers thought that our sale would be worthy of your attention."

THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE deems it worthy of the attention of the whole United States.

Our Oldest Inhabitants

THERE is a Red Cross auxiliary at Onigum. Where is Onigum? Look on a map of Minnesota, and in the northern part you will find a place with a lot of lakes. One of them is Leech Lake, and Onigum is on its shore. It is the post office for the Leech Lake Indian Agency.

It is not a crowded place. Neighborhood visiting there is done mostly by canoe in the summer and by snow-shoes and sleds in winter. War is pretty far away from it; but the Red Cross wrote a letter to that far wilderness, and an auxiliary was formed promptly. At the first meeting, one Indian woman was present. Now three fourths of the membership is Indian.

They are mostly Chippewas. Thus the credit of forming the first Indian organization to become regularly affiliated with the American Red Cross belongs to that tribe.

The men are helping, as well as the women. They raised a fund last Christmas which was just double what they were asked to raise.

The children help with work and with pennies.

Some of our fellow members up there are Mrs. Medicine Owl, Mrs. Last Star, Miss Julia Wades in Water, Mrs. Wolf Tail.

Mrs. Wolf Tail's husband, Chief Wolf Tail, a full-blooded Blackfoot, was the largest Indian donor to the Red Cross War Fund in June, 1917, and he says that the Government may have him for anything. "I am old," he says, "but my spirit is good yet."

Last winter some of these women walked to the weekly meetings across frozen lakes in twenty degrees below zero. One Indian couple trudged seventeen miles that the woman might pay her dollar for membership.

"I want to do something for my country," said she.

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Between Air Raids

By Virginia Lee

Illustrated by J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

PERHAPS there is somewhere a more varied service than our *Posto di Conforto* in Treviso, and then again perhaps there isn't! Picture a deserted Italian town near the front, the Lower Piave front, a town that was once the gayest of the gay, now the merest ghost of a town. Picture a great bare barracks of a railroad station, dirty, unkempt, windows gaping empty, mud, dust, and dirt of all kinds, with desolate refugees humped in the third class waiting room, or slouching about the echoing halls. Picture the endless stream outside of military matters: soldiers, officers, camions, ambulances, guns, mules, limbers, tractors, and then start in again with the soldiers. Soldiers on leave; soldiers en route; soldiers looking for their units; soldiers coming from hospitals. Saddest of all were the deserters, shackled, chained one to another, paraded around in groups with a Carabiniere or two to guard them. That is a partial idea of where we worked, this scene.

When I first went there, Treviso was still under the pall of the retreat and the subsequent flight of its population, but it had not yet been cruelly bombed.

In time this surging sea of misery swept on to other cities and I found an English woman deserted but undaunted, alone but "carrying on." That was about the New Year and the Huns were just beginning to speed up on the frightful campaign. I had come to inquire about the refugees for the Red Cross; I remained to help Mrs. Hullah-Scalfi in the *Posto di Conforto* for travelling, sick, and wounded soldiers.

"We had given our two helmets to American ambulance drivers and were without any, so we were obliged to wear granite saucepans on our heads for these stirring parties"

During my first evening in the *Posto* I was initiated with bombs. There was no warning given; a bomb fell outside the station with the wicked "crump" we all grew to know so well, and then another and another. My teeth had been cut on the Venice bombs so to speak, so I remained calm, which won me my spurs with Mrs. Scalfi. Those and several subsequent nights of bombs were the work of the Austrians and lacked viciousness, seldom hitting a mark of great importance.

Our daytime work was fundamentally that of watching the trains to see if any sick or sorry soldiers needed comforting; but it rapidly grew, assuming the character of interpreters, liaison officers, railroad transport officers, billeting officers, and general utility "Sisters" to the British Expeditionary Force in Italy. That sort of thing began when the unhappy Carabinieri, unable to understand questions asked of them, brought any one in khaki in to

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"The Huns, having found raids at six o'clock at night especially successful kept them up"

us and retired, grinning and relieved. The English troops took over the part of the line where Treviso was the rail-head, and promptly our service was extended to the various offices mentioned above. It was a standing joke of mine, when a startled officer asked in stammering English if there was a Railroad Transport Officer, to reply succinctly, pointing to Mrs. Scalfi, "She is it!"

We still got plenty of sick and sorry Italians. The awful little station café stopped functioning about that time, so generals and colonels were not too proud to beg their morning cups of coffee from us. The same miserable, lagging groups of rumpled-looking men, dragging their feet and wearing the unmistakably disinfected clothing which stamped them as "just out of the hospital," still came in to us to be bucked up with one thing or another. It was funny to be giving tea to some staff

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officers from the English lines and have an avalanche of this just-out-of-the-hospital type invade the tiny room which served us for everything but kitchen. They never were refused; in fact, many a Britisher has risen to give the poor chaps cigarettes from his own case.

The Huns, having found raids at six o'clock at night especially successful, kept them up. It was such a pestiferous nuisance, because we were always in the middle of cooking the evening meal! If you put macaroni or rice into broth to make *minestra* (soup), it must be stirred, or it burns. With your soldier cook and servant safe down in the cellar, it becomes your pleasing duty to run out between raids to stir the soup or put another stick of wood on the fire. With shrapnel falling all around, it is not altogether wise to go with uncovered head. We had given our two helmets to American ambulance drivers and were without any, so we were obliged to wear granite saucepans on our heads for these stirring parties. It was not our custom to go into a refuge. We claimed to those who expostulated that during raids was when we were the most needed.

You can imagine how it must feel to land, a stranger in a strange station, in the pitch dark with not a soul to direct you, or tell you what to do with yourself or your men. You stand helpless in the blackness and hear the z-z-zum, z-z-zum, z-z-zum of the loaded Hun planes coming nearer, while a loud "crump" announces the descent of a close-by bomb.

"Treviso was still under the pall of the retreat and the subsequent flight of its population"

One night, before we realized the dinner-bombing programme of the Boches was a regular thing, we had invited two "Archie" (anti-aircraft gun) officers to dine with us. Suddenly the light went out . . . almost at the same time, bombs fell! The earth shook. The beautiful twilight sky was full of planes roaring their way low down over us. They even used their machine guns for we could recognize the "rat-tat-tat-tat," instead of the "ta-pum, ta-pum." It sounded as if a plane was on our roof roaring with rage! The two officers stood frozen stiff, plainly terrorized. After a while a wretched soldier, led between two others, staggered in, thinking it the dressing station. Blood was pouring down his breast from his throat, punctured through with shrapnel. He breathed stentoriously and staggered weakly, as we led him away.

He kept feebly repeating some phrase, and by putting my ear to his lips I made out the words, "Am I dying?" Then gushes of blood from his lips. I was ag-

"After a while a wretched soldier, led between two others, staggered in, thinking it the dressing station"

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onized to think of some comfort for him when I suddenly remembered I had on my silver cross blessed by the late Pope Pius X. "See, my son, this cross was blessed with Pius X's own hand." The blood-stained fingers took it reverently and the blood-stained lips were pressed upon it.

We also had simple little things to do, such as lending a man a needle and thread, or sewing him up ourselves; every sort of a lame duck person straggled in to us for advice or encouragement or just to tell us about his family and to show us the pictures he treasured in his worn wallet. Such confidences! Such joy at hearing English spoken by a lady, or Italian from the mouth of the two "Unafraid Signore," as the station hands called us.

"Signora," said the distracted station master one day, "can't you do something about the poor refugees in the waiting room? They have been there now three days—men, women, and children—and they have had no proper food in all that time, nor any place to sleep."

"Goodness, man, why didn't you tell us before? We have been particularly busy and I haven't even had time to go into the other part of the station (our *Posto* was at one end). Of course we will give them something to eat now, and to-morrow I will see the Prefect and find out why they are kept here. Now I will go and talk with them."

The end was that the poor wretches were fed and "comforted" for that evening. The next day I repaired to the prefecture and he promised to take charge of these helpless peasants. In my ardor I rushed into the waiting room one day; there I saw a weary looking woman surrounded by many children and I inquired if she were a refugee and where she was going. A voice beside me replied, "No, Signora. She is not a refugee; she is my wife, and these are my children! Of course," this perfectly good Italian officer went on tactfully, "one can very properly call her a refugee, for she is leaving on this train with our children to go to a place of greater safety than Treviso now that the moon is getting bright. In your meaning of the word she is not a refugee, however!"

"Perhaps I can be of some service," said I, blushing, "would a cup of nice strong coffee not refresh your lady?"

"Thank you," came her tired voice. "Thank you so much, but we have just left our house and have no need of refreshment."

After a time Treviso suffered from a "false dawn," so to speak. Its citizens came back. They piled into the town all intent to salvage what they could of their possessions between moons. The sufferings of the station master augmented appreciably. Every man or woman thought her or his furniture the most important, and trucks were demanded for them *subito!* "You would suppose I had trucks by the million!" he growled. To us came nearly all of these persons for a meal and sometimes many meals. The truth was that the few wretched eating places were poor and expensive! One dear lady whom we served was the widow of a really brave Italian general; she was returning with her two daughters to close the house in which she had been living when the crushing news of her husband's death had come. Her dignified resignation and courage made her very dear to us and we did everything in our power to help and comfort her and her girls.

When the moon began to give light our quietest days and noisiest nights came. Treviso became once more a desert; we two women were the only persons sleeping in the town, except soldiers! The exodus at five o'clock in the afternoon was like a constant procession; for gradually a large number of people had begun to come back into the town for the day to open shops for the English soldiers, or sell their farm produce in the market, while by night they fled away to sleep in distant farm houses. One awful night one hundred and twenty-nine bombs were thrown upon the town. Six of them came close to our villa, one within twenty feet of the front door. I slept in my clothes, boots and all, between squadrilles, and now and then ran to the station to see if any wounded had been brought in.

It is a curious fact that bombs always make one grow thin. Mrs. Scalfi was a shadow and I lost, I am sure, twenty pounds! The dear, nice British officers, and even sometimes men, used to come to see if we were still alive after some of the worst nights, but they had to admit we were useful and couldn't be easily spared.

It was a sad day when my train drew out of the station. The name "Sister," which every Englishman gives to all women in veils and aprons, still rings sweet in my ear.

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fevered man tossing on his hot pillow, that clever left hand would pat and pull at the pillow until it was smoother. Then he would sit by the sufferer and sing softly one of the beautiful Serbian ballads, or stroke the aching head until the man might fall asleep.

There is to-day a woman fighting with the Serbian army who, four years ago, was just a happy, laughing girl. Pretty, charming, and care free, she lived in a lovely little village hemmed in by blue hills and fertile fields. Then came the horrors of the first invasion, and she fled before the menace against life and honor which such invasion has always meant to Serbian women. Later, returning with the victorious Serbian army, she found the village in ruins and her father and two young brothers still hanging on the rude crosses to which they had been nailed. After burying their torn and bleeding bodies, this girl—an avenging fury now—put on a uniform and became a soldier. None braver, she fights and seeks vengeance before she, too, shall fall, as so many thousands of her countrymen have done, for beloved Serbia.

In Macedonia last year I saw the tall, gaunt soldiers of the Morava Division (the main division of Serbia's army), standing in the streets of Saloniki and Vodena. Their great eyes would fix themselves on the prized enamel emblem of the Serbian Order of the Red Cross which I always wear and, if I smiled, the hard brown hands would go up in salute, though I then wore no uniform, and the thin, tanned faces would light with pleasure at the sight of one whom they knew to be a friend of their agonized country.

Later, having the great good fortune to find myself immediately behind the firing line on the small reconquered strip of Serbian territory, I saw the wounded lying on the ground in the tents of the dressing station. Their wounds freshly tended, they lay there in the sweltering heat of an "Indian summer" day, uncomplaining, though of comfort there was so little, at most a handful of straw or a thin blanket; but if a wounded man still had all his limbs, what matter? He would be able to fight again for his native land, so he had nothing to do but get well as quickly as possible, that he might get back again to the fighting line. Home, wife, family, all gone, or worse than dead, yet to restore Serbia is the dream and aim of every man who fights to-day on the Plain of Monastir or near historic Prilep.

Lacking much which to soldiers of other countries seem necessities and having absolutely nothing of comfort, yet Serbia's soldiers fight "For God and Liberty". And Serbia's people pray that God's mercy may enable them to withstand their awful sufferings until Liberty shines once more in all their land. To mighty America falls the task—nay, the *honor*—of succoring this truly great and devoted people that they may not perish but live and conquer in their good fight, remembering that the slogan of its army is still "Serbia surrenders only to God!"

A Prayer to Dead Heroes

By Gabriele D'Annunzio

O YE DEAD, who are entered as it were into heaven, may your names be sanctified! May the reign of your spirit dawn! May your will be done on earth!

Give to our faith its daily bread. Keep burning within us the flames of holy hatred, even as we shall never deny your love.

Remove from us all degrading temptation. Deliver us from all base doubt, and, if necessary, we shall fight, not only to the last drop of our blood, but to the last grain of our ashes. If necessary, we shall fight until the God of Justice come to judge the living and the dead!

So be it!

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War Pictures from

"Nos Poilus" — "Our Soldiers"

From the painting
by Émile Friant

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Original from
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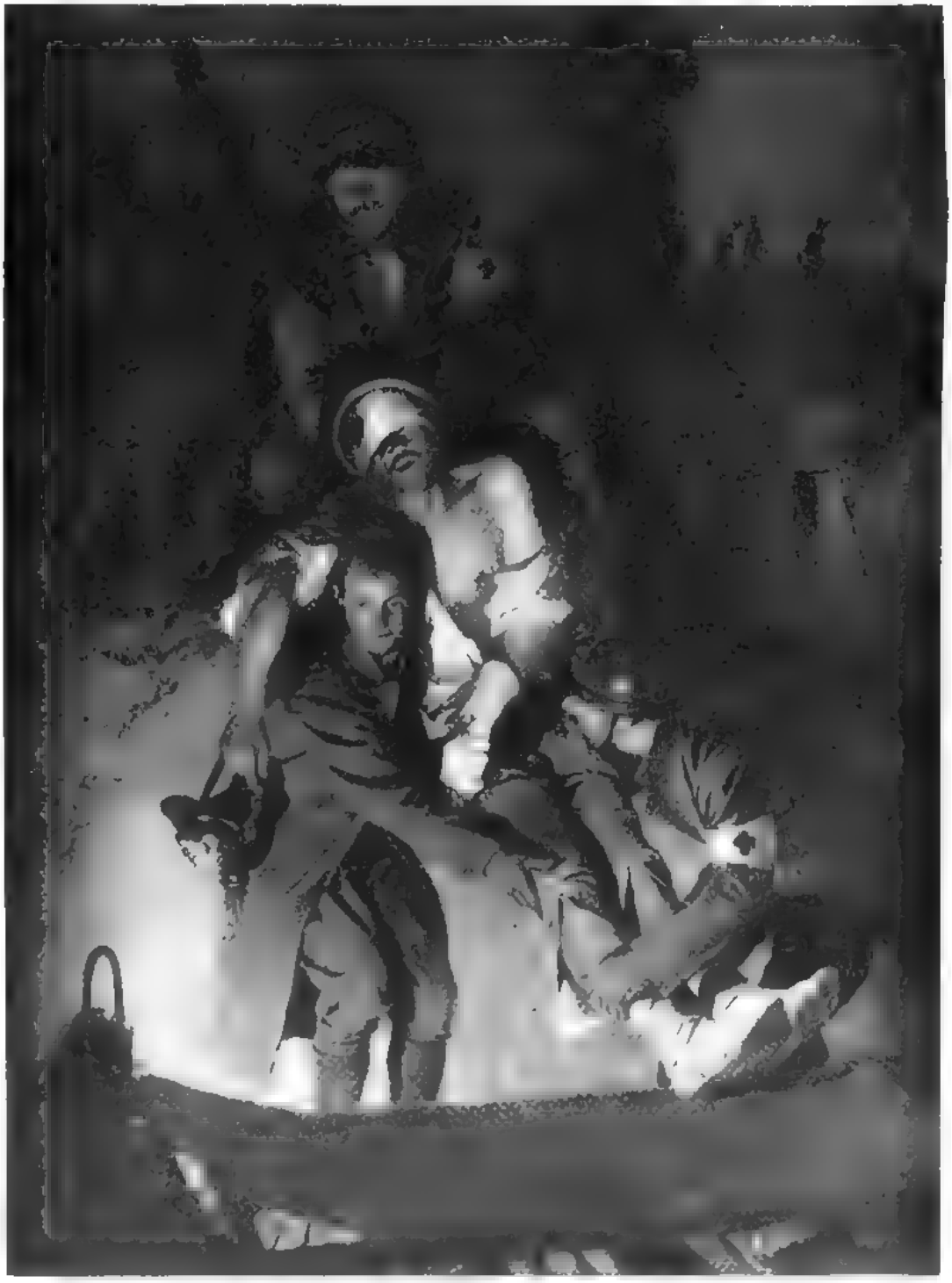
the Paris Salon



"The Saviors"

From the painting
by François Flameng

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The Open Gate

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Author of "The Perfect Tribute," etc.

Illustrated by NORMAN PRICE

MASSIVE, sprawling, uncertain writing, two sentences to the page; a violent slant in the second line, down right, balanced by a drastic lessening of the size of the letters, up right, in the line underneath; spelling not as advised in the Century Dictionary—a letter from Robina, aged eight. Robina's aunt Evelyn, sitting in her dress and cap of a Red Cross nurse in the big base hospital in Paris, read the wandering, painstaking, very unsuccessful literary effort, laughing, half-crying, and kissed it enthusiastically.

"The darling baby! She shall have her doll if it takes——" Aunt Evelyn stopped thoughtfully.

It would take something serious to buy and equip the doll that Robina, with eight-year-old definiteness, had specified. The girl in the Red Cross dress read the letter over.

"Dear Aunt Evelyn," began Robina and struck no snags so far. "I likked your posed-card so much." [The *facilis descensus* to an avenue of literature began with a swoop down here.] "Mother is wel. Fother is wel. The baby is wel. The dog has sevven kitens." [Robina robbed Peter to pay Paul habitually in her spelling.] "Fother sais they lukk like choklit eclares. I miss you, dere Aunt Evelyn, because I lov you sew. I hope Santa Claus wil bring me a doll. I want a very bigg bride doll with a vale and flours and a trunk of close, and all her under-close to buton and unboton and to have pink ribons run into. I don't want anythig sode on. Come home, Aunt Evelyn, becaus I miss you. But if the poor wundead soljers ned you then don't come. But as soone as you can come to yure loving niece, ROBINA."

The dear angel! Every affectionate, labored word was from the warm little heart; Evelyn Bruce knew that. She sat, smiling, holding the paper against her, seeing a vision of the far-away, beloved child who wrote it. She saw the dancing, happy, brown eyes and the shining, cropped head of pale golden brown, and the straight, strong little figure; she heard the merry, ready giggle and the soft, slow tones that were always full of love to her. Robina, her only sister's child, her own god-daughter, had been her close friend from babyhood, and between them there was a bond of understanding which made nothing of the difference in years. Darling little Robina! Such a good, unspoiled little girl, for all of the luxury and devotion that surrounded her!

But—there was a difficulty just there. Robina was unspoiled indeed, yet, as the children of the very rich, she was, even at eight, sophisticated in a baby way. She had been given too many grand dolls not to know just the sort she wanted. She did not know that what she wanted cost money, but she knew the points desired—and they did cost money. Aunt Evelyn had not much money.

"This one extravagant thing I will do," said Evelyn Bruce, "and I'll give up my trip to England next week, and I'll do it in style. Robina won't want dolls much longer and this time she's got to have her heart's desire."

Which was doubtless foolish, yet when one is separated by an ocean and a war from one's own, it is perhaps easier to be foolish for a child's face and a child's voice, and love sent across the sea. So Evelyn Bruce wrote a letter to her cousin in England saying that she could not come to her till after Christmas. Then she

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went out into Paris and ordered the doll, and reveled in the ordering, for a very gorgeous person indeed it was, and worthy to journey from Paris to a little American. It was to be ready in just two weeks, and Miss Bruce was to come in and look over the fine lady and her equipment as often as desired, before she started on her ocean voyage.

"It would simply break my heart if she were torpedoed."

Evelyn confided that, childlike, to the black-browed, stout Frenchwoman who took a personal interest in every "buton," and then she opened her bag and brought out Robina's photograph, standing, in a ruffled bonnet, her solemn West Highland White terrier dog in her arms, on the garden path of "Graystones" between tall foxgloves. And the Frenchwoman tossed up enraptured hands at the beauty of the little girl who was to get the doll, and did not miss the great, splendid house in the background, or the fact that the dog was of a "*chic*" variety.

The two weeks fled, every day full of the breathless life—and death—of a hospital in war-torn France. Every day the girl saw sights and heard sounds which it seemed difficult to see and hear and go on living, but she moved serene through such an environment, because she could help. Every day she gave all that was in her to the suffering boys who were carried, in a never-ending stream of stretchers, into the hospital. And the strength she gave flowed back to her endlessly from, she could not but believe it, the underlying source of all strength, which stretches beneath and about us all, and from which those who give greatly know how to draw.

Two or three times, during the two weeks, Evelyn had gone in to inspect the progress of Robina's doll, and spent a happy and light-hearted quarter of an hour with friendly Madame of the shop, deciding the color of the doll-lady's party coat, and of the ribbons in her minute underclothes, and packing and repacking the trunk with enchanting fairy foolishnesses. Again and again she smiled to herself, in bed at night, going about her work in the long days, as she thought of the little girl's rapture over the many and carefully planned details. For, with all the presents showered on her, Robina's aunt knew that Robina had never had anything as perfect as this exquisite Paris doll and her trousseau.

The day came on which Evelyn was to make her final visit to "La Marquise," as Madame called the doll, and the nurse was needed in the hospital and could not go. But she telephoned Madame and made an appointment for to-morrow.

"'La Marquise' finds herself quite ready for the voyage," Madame spoke over the telephone. "She is all which there is of most lovely; Paris itself has never seen a so ravishing doll. I say it. We wait anxiously to see Mademoiselle, I and La Marquise," Madame assured her. Evelyn, laughing with sheer pleasure, made an engagement for the next day, without fail, and went back to her work.

There was a badly wounded *poilu* in her ward, whom the girl had come to know well. He was young, perhaps twenty-seven, and his warm brown eyes were full of a quality of gentleness which endeared him to everyone who came near him. He was very grateful, very uncomplaining, a simple-minded, honest, common, young peasant, with a charm unusual. The unending bright courage, with which he made light of cruel pain, was almost more than Evelyn, used as she was to brave men's pain, could bear. He could not get well —the doctors said that—and it seemed that he could not die.

"If Corporal Duplessis might only die," Evelyn spoke to the surgeon.

He answered, considering: "I don't see what keeps him alive."

"I believe," said Evelyn, "there's something on his mind. He sighs constantly in such a pitiful way. Broken-heartedly. I believe he can't die until his mind is relieved."

"It may be that," agreed Dr. Norton. "You could help him if you could get him to tell you." And moved on to the next shattered thing that had been, so lately, a strong buoyant boy.

Evelyn went back to Duplessis and bent over him and spoke cheerful words; he smiled up at her with quick French responsiveness, and then sighed the heavy, anxious sigh which had come to be part of him. With that the girl took his one good hand and stroked it. "If you could tell the American Sister what it is," she spoke softly, "that troubles your mind, perhaps I might help you. We Americans, you know," and she smiled at him, "we are wonderful people. We can do all sorts of magic—and I want to help you to rest, so much. I'd do anything to help you. Won't you tell me what it is that bothers?"

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Evelyn Bruce's voice was winning, and Duplessis' eyes rested on her affectionately.

"But how the Sister understands one!" he said. "It is true that there is a trouble. It hinders me to die"—and the heavy sigh swept out again. "It would be a luxury for me—dying. The pain is bad, at times. Yet the Sister knows I am glad to have it, for France. Ah yes! But—if I might be released. Yet the thought of what I said to her keeps me from dying always."

"What you said 'to her,' corporal?" repeated Evelyn. "Can't you tell me what it was? I would try so hard to help you. I might perhaps."

"Who knows?" smiled the corporal. "It is true that the Americans work magic. And the American Sister is of a goodness! But yes. Yet the Sister may laugh at me, for it is a thing entirely childish, my trouble."

"I will not laugh at you, Corporal," said Evelyn, gravely, and felt something wring her heart.

"If—then—if the Sister will not think it foolish—I will tell." The Sister's answer was to stroke his fingers. "It is my child, my little girl," Duplessis began in his deep, weak tones. "It was to her I made the promise."

"What promise?" prompted Evelyn softly, as he stopped.

"One sees," the deep voice began again, "that when I told them goodbye, the mother and Marie my wife, and the *petite*, who has five years, then I started away, and would not look back, because I could not well bear it, Sister. And suddenly, as I strode to the street from our cottage, down the brick walk, where there are roses and also other flowers, on both sides—suddenly I heard a cry. And it was the voice of little Jeanne, the petite. I stopped at that sound, for I could not help it, Sister, and between the flowers the little one came running, and as I bent she threw her arms about my neck and held me so tight, tight that I could not loosen the little hands, not without hurting her. 'I will not let you go—I will not let you go.' She cried that again and again. Till my heart was broken. But all the same, one had to go. One was due to join the comrades at the station, and the time was short. So that, immediately, I had a thought. 'My most dear,' I spoke to her. 'If thou wilt let me go, then I promise when I come back, to bring thee a great, beautiful doll, all in white, as a bride, like the cousin Annette at her wedding last week.' And then the clinging little hands loosened, and she said, wondering—for she is but a baby—'Wilt thou promise, my father?' And I said 'Yes,' and kissed her quickly, and went away. So that now that I am wounded and am to die, that promise which I cannot keep to my *petite*, that promise hinders me to die."

The deep, sad voice stopped and the honest eyes of the peasant boy looked up at Evelyn, burning with the pain of his body and of his soul. And as Evelyn looked back, holding his hand and stroking it, it was as if the furnace of the soldier's pain melted together all the things she had ever cared to do. It was a long minute before she spoke.

"Corporal," she said, "your little girl shall have her doll. I will take it to her and tell her that her father sent it. Will you lie very still while I go and get the doll?"

The brown eyes looked up at her astounded, radiant, and the man caught the hem of the veil of her head-dress and kissed it. "But the Americans—they do magic. You shall see, Sister, if I shall be still. I will not die before the Sister returns. It is a joy unheard of."

The girl ran out of the hospital and away into Paris, and burst upon Madame. Somehow she told the story in a few words, and Madame was crying as she laid "La Marquise" in a box.

"It is Mademoiselle who is an angel of the good God," she whispered, and kissed Evelyn unexpectedly on both cheeks as she seized the box.

Corporal Duplessis lay, waxen, starry-eyed, as the American Sister came back into the ward. His look was on her as she entered the far-away door, and he saw the box in her arms. The girl knelt and drew out the gorgeous plaything and stood it by the side of the still, bandaged figure. An expression as of amazed radiance came into the fast-dimming eyes of Corporal Duplessis—into those large, brown, childlike eyes which had seen so little of the gorgeousness of earth. His hand stirred a very little—enough, for Evelyn quickly moved the gorgeous satin train of the doll under the groping fingers. The eyes lifted to Evelyn's face and the smile in them was that of a prisoner who suddenly sees the gate of his prison opened and the fields of home beyond. It mattered little, one may believe, to the welcoming hosts of heaven that the angel at the gate of release for the child-soul of Corporal Duplessis, the poilu, was only Robina's doll!

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Strong Life—Long Life

OUR soldiers work, become husky, fit for war; perhaps for suffering and even for death. Are we not willing to make ourselves fit and strong to live, far from imminent danger? Our daily work must be done better, more quickly, with less loss! Each of us must add to his effectiveness; each must be a man and a quarter or a man and a half in practical outfit. It is to help us all to take this job seriously and cheerfully that we are beginning a little series of articles which may develop into an important department In each article there is a useful bit of information or fact, or suggestion. Condensed though these paragraphs are there is real food for thought and practice in each one. They are written by Miss Emily Frances Robbins, who was joint author with Professor Fisher of Yale of that important report, "The Conservation of Human Life," issued by Congress. Miss Robbins has for some years been associated with the Life Extension Institute.

Pershing Keeps Fit; Do You?

HYGIENE and self-respect go pretty much hand in hand. To command men, a general must first command himself, and he cannot do that until he has full possession of his self-respect and dignity, in connection with which a fit, healthy body is a very important consideration.

One of the reasons why Pershing has such a strong hold upon the respect, love, and admiration of his troops, as well as of the whole American people, is found in his personal dignity and physical fitness. As a reporter from the war zone has expressed it, "he looks right."

He is fifty-five years old. His position of command in France tells its own story of his sound physical condition. He would not be there if he had any organic disturbances. When the army medical examiners are obliged to reject for physical disability nearly one-third of all the registrants between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one, Pershing's example of sterling health at fifty-five shines out like a beacon of reassurance

Pershing exercises. Someone has whispered it down the line that he wears very light underclothing in winter as well as in summer, and that he keeps his blood moving and his muscles in fine fighting trim by running and setting-up exercises

How many business or professional men in the United States go through such exercises as a daily routine self-respecting duty? How many women? Need one ask why there are so few hard, keen, physically sound Pershings in the civilian ranks of fifty-five?

A writer, who was telling about the extraordinary fighting spirit of the Canadians against great odds, said that when they are in the trenches they shave every day. "Let that sink in" he added This is demanded of them, in spite of their fatigue and hardship, because their commander knows what Pershing knows, and what every man should know, that the clean man is more courageous than the

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General Pershing whose sterling health at fifty-five is an inspiring example to others

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dirty man; he is more righteous in his respect for himself and what he is fighting for. He is also more courageous because he feels healthier. Pershing takes a cold bath every day, winter or summer. In describing his looks, a recent interviewer in France said that his appearance is "crisp with immaculate cleanliness."

Hygiene is a basic element in morale. The man who is clean, whose heart is bounding with healthful exercise and whose muscles are tingling with good health, is not the man who is discouraged. Hygienic habits are the natural manifestation of a clean mind, a clear conscience, and a righteous aim in life.

Tired?

SO was Irving Fisher. Therefore, he went to a sanitarium to get rested. Overwork, he said it was.

"Overwork?" the doctor there bawled at him (Professor Fisher tells the story on himself). "Look at the way you are standing—what are those wrinkles in your vest?"

You can imagine the sudden twist this put into the Yale professor's thinking; you can picture the inquiring expression in his bright brown eye.

"Tired? Look at the way you are standing!"

"Of course you're tired," the doctor went on, unfeelingly. "See the way you are standing, with your chest stooped and your abdomen relaxed so that it can't help but take up half the blood in your body. How long since you went swimming? How long since you played tennis? Well, then, how do you expect flabby muscles to properly compress the great abdominal blood vessels, the largest in the body, and keep the blood from accumulating in them? Think of the strain you are putting on your heart to pump it out. Why, you're half bled to death!"

"Do you mean," Professor Fisher asked him, "that a man can really bleed to death by having the blood stagnate in his abdomen?"

"Certainly he can," the doctor told him. "It happens many a day in medical practice. When a patient is very sick and weak, he sometimes dies just because the blood accumulates there; he bleeds to death in his own abdomen."

"But I'm not sick," Professor Fisher protested, "I'm simply overworked."

"Overworked!" The doctor seemed a little disgusted. "Among all the patients who have come to me complaining of fatigue from overwork, I have never found one yet who works as many hours as I do myself. Tired? Yes. Overworked? No. You simply don't have the full use of your blood throughout your body."

Professor Fisher is an economist, and he was mighty quick to see the point. If it was really true that he was not overworked, but was simply underexercised and by indulging in some of the very things he liked best to do—to swim, to row, to play tennis—he could actually increase his working capacity and efficiency (he had neglected these pleasures to increase, as he had thought, his working output)—if this was the truth, he was for it.

Into the tank he went. It was summer time, and they had an outdoor pool at the sanitarium. So that besides getting a water bath, he had a fresh air and a sun bath. Incidentally, he took a trot around the quadrangle on the bank.

Indoors Professor Fisher found all sorts of devices for beguiling the delinquent abdominal blood back into the general circulation. They rolled a cannon ball over his abdomen, a masseur scientifically kneaded and rubbed, and he was given special exercises for strengthening the abdominal muscles.

But most pointedly of all they taught him the lesson of standing straight. Over and over they drilled him, until it was a habit—"Hold the chest high,—now breathe deep."

The most curious part of the experience, Professor Fisher thought, was its effect upon his mental condition. He went there depressed and discouraged. He suddenly found himself cheered up, happy, eager, elated—"thinking young" again.

This is what Professor Fisher has to say about the abdominal circulation in his book, "How to

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Live," written in collaboration with Doctor Fisk of the Life Extension Institute: "In an habitual slouching posture, the blood of the abdomen tends to stagnate in the liver and the splanchnic circulation, causing a feeling of despondency and mental confusion, headache, coldness of the hands and feet, and chronic fatigue or neurasthenia, and often constipation. A slouching attitude is often the result of disease or lack of vitality; but it is also a cause.

"Many persons who have suffered for years from the above-named symptoms have been relieved of them after a few weeks of correct posture, sometimes reinforced by the artificial pressure of an abdominal supporter and by special exercises to strengthen the abdominal muscles. Lying face downward with a pillow under the abdomen presses the blood out of the congested splanchnic circulation."

Overworked? What are those wrinkles in your vest!

Not a Matter of Fatality

MEN have been going around the army camps investigating the possibilities of fire, and making recommendations for reducing such possibilities. Fires are not a matter of fatality. They depend upon conditions almost entirely controllable. In one fair-sized western city, the fire losses had regularly averaged $1,500,000 a year. A new fire marshal was elected who appointed fire-prevention committees and stirred up interest in rubbish clean-up campaigns, and enlisted the service of the police department in inspecting and correcting conditions that made it easy for fires to break out. The result was a reduction in fire losses to $250,000 a year. This was one-sixth of what it had been before a little care was taken, although the city still had only the same kind of inflammable buildings, and the same fire apparatus.

With the same body, and with the same environment, the average person can similarly reduce his days of illness, or increase the power and pleasure of his whole life. Fires of illness are just as preventable as the fires of property destruction. Fatigue and disease are not matters of fatality.

Careful measures are taken at the army camps, for this reason, to prevent disease as well as fire. There are men who act as bodily fire-marshals, who see that the camp is kept sanitary, that the soldiers pursue healthful habits of living, and that diseases like typhoid and smallpox are prevented by vaccination.

Simple measures in industry have been just as effective in preventing illness. In a large telephone exchange in Chicago, the perfect working of the apparatus was much hampered by dust, so that insulation was seriously affected. To obviate this condition, an expensive system was put into operation by which the air was washed and pumped into the rooms under ideal conditions. What the company aimed at was the perfect health of its apparatus, but it gained in addition a decided improvement in the health of its employees. Another similar organization introduced ventilation into its offices in winter, with the result that the number of days of work lost by its employees was cut in half

Life insurance companies have long since discovered that there is no fixed law of death and of illness. They are so preventable and postponable that the companies find that it pays to educate their policyholders how to keep well. The years of life saved and the added premiums which come

Indulgent eating means ultimate days of illness and lowered well-being

to the company more than make up for the cost of such education. The insured are finding that what the companies save in dollars cannot be compared with what they themselves profit in health and happiness.

Just as surely as accumulated rubbish, and carelessness, means fire losses, so foul air, indulgent eating, and dissipation mean ultimate days of illness and lowered well-being.

Fire destroys property that can be replaced. Illness often causes destruction of vitality that can never be renewed Each individual is marshal of his own health.

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For the Children of France

By William Palmer Lucas, M. D.

Chief of the Children's Bureau of the American Red Cross in France and Professor of Pediatrics in the University of California

IT IS upon her children that the future of France depends.

In this hour, when the whole world is thinking in terms of warfare, one, quite involuntarily, assigns to them a military characterization and significance. They are the Republic's second line of defense. And just as truly as the first line—the Army—must be maintained and fortified to fulfil its appointed task, so must the child-life of the Nation be preserved and strengthened in its natural effort to survive. It is for the future freedom of the children of to-day and of to-morrow that the Allied Armies are shoulder to shoulder in combat against the common enemy. And for the sake of the children, no less than for the peace of the world, the conflict will not be in vain.

France has been at war for nearly four years. Almost all of her serviceable manpower is either with the colors or engaged in the work of providing for the Army. In unfortunate consequence those institutions organized before the war in the interest of child welfare have been materially affected. In the first place there has been, and still is, a lack of physicians for service among the civilian population, as most of the available medical men are doing army duty in hospitals, camps, and dressing-stations. In some communities in France there have been no doctors since the national mobilization in August, 1914! That the people should not be entirely cut off from medical attention, certain physicians have had to perform both civilian and military service, one doctor, for example, assuming care of as many as twenty-five towns. This has meant visiting each town but once in five or six weeks, holding a day's clinic, and then moving on to the next.

A poster designed to lure the children into brushing their teeth

To make clear the medical needs of France, one has only to cite the condition of St. Etienne, an important manufacturing city a short distance southwest of Lyons. Before the war it had a population of 180,000 with 120 physicians; now it numbers 260,000 souls and only 14 physicians! And this is typical of most of the cities of the Republic. In the United States there is an average of one physician for every 500 of population; in France to-day the

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dearth of medical men runs as high as one physician to 20,000 inhabitants. Is there any wonder, then, that the children of France will suffer?

While there is measurable variation in individual instances, it may be said that, as a whole, French children are underfed, undernourished, and insufficiently clothed. Especially is this true of those whose parents have been unable to provide for them from means accumulated before the war. There has been a marked increase in juvenile delinquency and in the amount of child labor utilized, both of which bear a direct relation to health.

That France has been spared widespread epidemics is due largely to the almost static condition of the civilian population. The danger of epidemics increases with the movements of refugees and the consequent difficulty of giving them prompt medical examination and treatment. During the first year of the war, the infant mortality rates rose, then fell sharply during the second, and began to rise again during the third and are still rising. The average death rate in France is 100,000 babies every year.

This, then, may be taken as a résumé of the conditions which confronted the Children's Bureau of the American Red Cross when it was organized in Paris on August 12, 1917. At the very outset it was urged upon the Minister of the French Department of the Interior and his officials, upon the National Infant Mortality Association of France and the medical profession of the country generally, with whom we were to coöperate, that this Red Cross work was to be undertaken for the purpose of aiding the French in the care of their babies and, to assist in making a success of institutions already established for that end but which had had to relax their efforts through the exigencies of war.

It was imperative that work for the health of the children of France and, indeed, for that of France itself, should be begun without delay at Évian-les-Bains. This town on the

A section in the Child Welfare Exhibition at Lyons, with an American Red Cross nurse demonstrating the proper care of children

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Belgian boys, from the Grandes-Dalles school colony, playing along the French coast near Dieppe

south shore of Lake Geneva was the gateway through which the German military authorities were sending back to France the old men and old women, the men of no economic value to them, and the children, in order that she might be rid of the burden of caring for them.

There was the serious, ever present peril that through this gateway all manner of infectious disease might enter France and bring about sweeping epidemics. Évian stood in the same relation to France that Ellis Island bears to New York and to a wide area of the United States. It was vitally important that at Évian the repatriated children should be examined carefully by physicians, and to set apart from the others those requiring treatment for visible evidence of disease or those to be held during the periods of incubation of affections indicated or suspected.

A thoroughly equipped hospital for the treatment of children suffering with acute diseases was opened there on November 5, 1917. During their first week of service the Red Cross physicians examined 2,508 children, with the result that fifty were sent to the hospital for treatment for contagious disease.

With one or two interruptions the German authorities continued to send in these convoys of repatriates until February 26th last, when they were stopped, evidently in anticipation of the present great offensive which would tax all transportation systems. Up to this time the total number of children examined at Evian was 37,544, of whom 1,200 were admitted to the hospital.

The examination of these children as they arrived in the convoys permitted observation of a far greater amount of under-development and under-nourishment than it would have been possible to view in any community with a population of nearly 38,000. It was invaluable in the field of medical research in France and also for the future welfare of the children, as we knew just where to begin to bring them back to normal.

To take care of those who were not in need

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of immediate medical or surgical attention, we established a hospital in a great residence near Lyons called the Château des Halles. This had been willed to Lyons as a hospital for children in June, 1914, by Mangini, the engineer who built the Riviera railroad. When war came two months later, no funds were available with which to fit it for its intended purpose. With the advent of the American Red Cross, the Château was given to that organization free of rent in order that it might be furnished as a hospital, the only stipulation being that it should be so left after the war.

The education of the mother and the child is an entirely indispensable element in child welfare work. Medical treatment is incomplete unless it has taught the mother and child certain practical rules of child hygiene. For this reason the Children's Bureau planned, at the very beginning, to develop an effective educational service. The object of this was twofold: to strengthen the Bureau's work; and to satisfy, in as large measure as it possibly could, the need of popular education in child hygiene throughout the Republic.

The gravest medical problem which confronts France in this all too crowded hour is tuberculosis. *It kills about 80,000 of her population every year. This means an average of more than 200 a day, more than 9 an hour!* Before the war the Rockefeller Foundation for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, through its commission in France, had planned a health propaganda on account of its knowledge of the tuberculosis situation. When war came the Commission saw the opportunity to utilize the tuberculosis situation as a means of enlisting its service in the whole subject of hygiene propaganda. And as soon as the Children's Bureau of the American Red Cross was established, it and the Commission joined hands in the all important task.

In undertaking its propaganda work, the campaign of the Children's Bureau adopted five lines of endeavor. These were:

1. The strengthening and consolidation of infant welfare organizations which, exist-

In the Child's Welfare Exposition in Lyons was a kindergarten, with its amusing and instructive games, under the supervision of expert teachers

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ing in France before the war, had become more or less dormant since the outbreak of hostilities.

2. The development of a service of visiting nurses, or health visitors, and the establishment of courses and training stations for their education.

3. The dissemination of information for the improvement of public health; this to be accomplished by means of pamphlets in French upon pre-natal care, manuals for mothers, rules for nursing, and the proper preparation and care of cow's milk.

4. The increase of the number of welfare stations, one or two in each province, where a mother may bring a child to have it examined by a physician in order that its diet and her own may be determined and every encouragement given to the mother to nurse her baby.

5. The aiding of all hospitals and clinics and public milk stations to obtain experienced health assistance.

The propaganda campaign, with these objects in view, was begun last January. It was necessarily tentative, the preface to the undertaking on a nation-wide scale. It consisted in the assemblage, with the valuable aid of the Rockefeller Commission, of hygienic exhibits in a motor camion equipped with a motion picture projecting machine, a dynamo to produce the necessary current, a series of specially prepared child hygiene panels bearing graphic presentation of simple health rules and "don'ts," posters of poignant appeal to mothers, models of good and bad devices employed in the care of children, and a large supply of carefully prepared literature of educational character. The latter included such titles as: "A Small Manual for Mothers," "Future Mothers," "For the Health of Your Baby," and "Advice to Mothers." The personnel of this unit consisted of a lecturer, a child's trained nurse, a demonstrator, a publicity representative and a chauffeur. On the side of the camion, in large letters, beneath the crossed flags of France and the United States, appeared this legend in French: "Traveling Exhibit to Combat Tuberculosis and to Reduce Infant Mortality." Below this were the names of the two institutions which had joined hands in the work: "The American Commission against Tuberculosis and the Children's Bureau of the American Red Cross."

In accordance with our plans it was determined to "try out" this traveling exhibition in one Department, that of Eure-et-Loir, a few miles southwest of Paris. It set out on January 6th last and continued on the road until January 28th, an interval of sufficient length to permit us to judge of the effect of our effort. During this period of a little more than three weeks, sixteen towns were visited by the camion and its staff; and they remained in some communities as long as four days. In whatever public buildings, such as schools or theatres, were available, moving picture exhibitions were given from the best films dealing with child hygiene and tuberculosis which could be obtained in France, England, and America. They dealt with such subjects as pre-natal care; the bathing, feeding, and clothing of the infant; the transmission of infectious disease, especially by means of the fly; dental hygiene, and the dangers of alcoholism. In addition there were numerous lantern-slides to illustrate lectures and for use during conferences with local physicians and welfare workers.

So successful was this first journey of the educational exhibit, both in the numbers of French mothers and children who attended the sessions and in the whole-hearted interest with which the Red Cross workers were followed in their illustrated lectures, that the work was at once extended. Another camion, similarly equipped, was sent out to the Departments of Loir-et-Cher and Ille-et-Vilaine. The plans of the Children's Bureau contemplate the service of at least ten of these camions within the next few months. Their work has already won the highest approval of the French Government.

It is through the establishment of the visiting-nurse system that the American Red Cross expects to insure the greatest effectiveness of existing French institutions devoted to the care of mothers and children. These nurses serve as the indispensable link between the institution and the home, following the mother and child from the one into the other. They give a helping hand over various difficulties and problems which constantly arise and which must be met day after day. At present there is not a sufficient number of available nurses in the country to take up this work, and, in addition, nursing of this kind, as understood and practised in America, has not been developed in France. It became, therefore, the task of the Red Cross to inaugurate the system, and a number of intensive courses, covering a training period of two months, have been estab-

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A section of the Lyons Exposition was devoted to milk—its proper modifications, preparation, sterilization, etc.

lished in Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Lyons in connection with various institutions in these cities. The course in Paris was started at the Budin Foundation, well known for its humane achievements

To obtain personnel for this force, the Red Cross selected women from the large group of auxiliaries, or nurses' aids, who have joined the French Red Cross and have been working for the last four years in hospitals throughout the Republic, or those who have had a certain amount of experience with women and children in crèches, maternity homes, and similar establishments. In addition to the short intensive course, which covers all infant welfare requirements but does not include hospital training, there is one of ten months' duration conducted in conjunction with the Rockefeller Commission, which comprises both welfare work and tuberculosis, dispensary and laboratory instruction, and such home economics as dietetics, food preparation, and cooking.

Infant mortality is as great a danger to France as the enemy which is now battering against the Allied Armies of the North. In token of the earnestness and determination with which the American Red Cross is working in behalf of the children of the Republic, no more effective illustration can be given than that afforded by its Child Welfare Exhibit recently held at Lyons. This exhibition, which was opened on April 9th and continued until April 30th, was under the presidency of the broadminded, large-souled Mayor of Lyons, with the coöperation of Monsieur Pams, Minister of the Interior, the French League Against Infant Mortality, and the local welfare institution of the city. It was modeled in the main upon the Philadelphia Baby Show of 1911.

Through the courtesy of Mayor Herriot, the great pavilion, with a length of more than one hundred meters, erected recently for the exhibition of automobiles at the Lyons Fair, was placed at the disposal of the Red Cross. The pavilion was located on the Place Bellecour, in the heart of the city, where more than forty thousand persons pass each day.

Well arranged booths were devoted to the hygiene of the expectant mother, to that of the new-born child, and to that of its various

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stages of development from infancy to adolescence. In a large room carefully enclosed in glass, a physician and his assistants demonstrated the most approved methods of the care of the child, with special emphasis as to its medical examination, its weighing and its bath.

An important section of the Exhibition was devoted to milk. The proper methods of its modifications, preparation, and sterilization were shown; also a comparative exhibit of good and bad models of bottles, nipples, and other devices employed in the feeding of children. Besides this, there were demonstrations of the preparation of home-made refrigerators and fireless cookers. In order to treat the subject of cow's milk from the beginning, there were instructive models and diagrams of good and bad dairies and the initial handling of milk. The importance of breast feeding and the best types of babies' clothing and cribs were shown in another section, and not far distant the correct type of hospital for babies was exhibited, with demonstrators to explain its details.

The recreational side of child care was not overlooked, and a kindergarten under expert teachers was a part of the exposition as was a playground where young children were taught the art of amusing themselves in useful and instructive games.

With the aid of still and moving models a very interesting and important dental hygiene exhibit was shown, a dentist and his assistant being in charge of the section to give detailed demonstration of the need for keeping the teeth clean and well. Also there was a booth devoted to the hygiene of those seats of frequent infection, the nose and throat, with specialists to demonstrate the necessity for unfailing care of these organs.

A valuable exhibit on tuberculosis, prepared by the Educational Service of the Rockefeller Tuberculosis Commission in France, had been loaned and was part of the exposition, in connection with the exhibit furnished by the Lyons Tuberculosis Dispensary. Effective exhibits had also been loaned by the French National League Against Alcoholism and the National School Hygiene League, which were displayed to emphasize essential aspects of child welfare.

The subject of general hygiene was dealt with extensively at another section. There the methods of transmission of infectious diseases were demonstrated, with special reference to health precautions to be taken during war time and against the ever present dangerous fly. Much of the material for this section was prepared by the great hygienist, Jules Courmont of Lyons, whose death last year was a serious loss to France.

Through the courteous coöperation of the Director of Public Education, every morning during the exhibition was devoted to the instruction of the school children of Lyons, who were brought in groups by their teachers to visit the exhibition. Thus the educational moving pictures were shown daily to successive groups of from six hundred to eight hundred children. Afterward they were shown at different intervals during the afternoon to the general public.

The success of the Lyons exhibition was so pronounced that arrangements were made to transport it in its entirety to Marseilles for a period of three weeks. Afterward it will be shown in Bordeaux and, finally, in Paris, where the President of France will open the exhibit.

A French soldier came to the exhibition one afternoon. For half an hour or more he wandered about in booths, his eyes alert and interested. Finally he reached the display of large panels showing the proper kind and amount of nourishment to be given to children at different ages. Then, with a bit of pencil, he began to copy the directions. It was while he was doing this that one of our workers told him he could have a printed card giving the diet shown on the panel.

"I should like very much to have one," he replied. "I'm réformé, you see; I've done two years' service at the front and now I am too badly wounded to serve any longer. When the war began I had seven children." The tears gathered in his eyes as he went on. "And four of them have died because my wife has not been able to give them proper care. She is ill and has been so long in the hospital. Our little children had to be cared for by others; I was at the front, I couldn't take care of them, you see. The ones that remain are so young, they need care, the proper kind of food. You do not know how much it means to me to learn what they should have. I can give it to them now. And if they become ill, may they go to the American Dispensary? Thanks, so many thanks, Mademoiselle, many thanks. I am so glad I came here to-day Thanks and good-bye, Mademoiselle."

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The Autobiography of a Red Cross Bandage

As related to George Buchanan Fife

Illustrated by J. O. TODAHL

BEGINNING with a modest introduction of myself, I am an American Red Cross surgical-dressing packet. Flanked by a great number of my fellows, I stand on a rough board shelf in a front line dressing station, awaiting my instant of usefulness. And as I am the next one on the shelf, this will not be long in coming.

The guns in the wooded ridges behind us have been thundering for days in the preparatory shelling of the enemy's position and the men are to go "over the top" at dawn. I could tell you (for I've heard) the exact "zero hour," the time, fixed to the minute, at which the three regiments on our part of the sector are to clamber out of their trenches and advance to the assault, but this must not be disclosed beyond our own lines. However, it is less than a half hour away by the watch our surgeon has just unbuckled from his wrist and fastened against the wall with a strip of adhesive plaster. He no longer trusts it to the nail alone because it was jarred down one night last week when a German shell exploded close to us in the communication trench. We bandage packets were thoroughly shaken up by it, too, and several fell to the floor, but it made no difference. We are all very securely packed and wrapped.

Our surgeon is sitting now at the operating table, leaning forward on his elbows, reading by the small brilliant flame of the acetylene lamp overhead. His assistant has gone to the doorway for a look aloft. I can see the bright tip of his cigarette as he holds the burlap curtain aside. These two men talk very little. I wondered at this when I first came three days ago, but I quite understand it now. When they are at work there is no time for anything save a hurried word of request or answer—"Hold this"—"Hand me that," or "Quick, another bandage." That's all—that and the straining creak of the stretchers, the shuffle of feet as the bearers bring them in and the shuffle as they are borne out again.

Our station is dug from the communication trench into the side of a hill—a wide, deep tunnel with an arc of sand-bags curved in a strong wall about the entrance. It is floored and walled with stout timbers and has an arched ceiling of corrugated iron. There is so much earth making a roof above us that we are safe, we are told, even in case of a direct hit. It is the only really dry spot within a mile until the stretcher bearers begin tracking in the mud. There are four acetylene lamps burning along the walls and over the table. Their intense brilliance makes the shadows all the deeper in the far corners. There is a sort of bunk with three or four blankets over it in one of these corners where the surgeon and his assistant take turns at cat naps. It's amazing how little sleep they seem to require. But there isn't much time for sleep, after all, when an attack is on.

So this is the place to which I have come at last, after so many miles of journeying, all the way from America. It is a sharp transition from peace and quiet to the incessant roaring of the guns and the scenes which have passed before me. But it is what I came to take part in; it is the "bit" for me to do and, as I have said, I am the next one on the rough board shelf!

When at the outset I introduced myself I did so as an entirety; what I really am is an aggregation of things and not complete without them all. So in speaking of myself I

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should take them all into account. Also I should tell you for just what purpose I am intended, because those at home who sent me out will want to know that with all the rest.

Officially I am a "Packet No. 1" and, to distinguish me from Numbers 2 and 3, I have two red bands, about me. I am the smallest of the three; No. 2 is a bit larger and wears white bands, and No. 3, the largest, two blue ones, so the three of us together carry the colors!

I did not begin my journey from America in the shape in which I now wait upon the shelf; I have been collected and for that reason I am the child of several American Red Cross parents But all of me came from the States —I am an American through and through.

To begin with, and to get at the "heart" of me, I am an absorbent pad of butter gauze, four inches by six inches and folded with all the precision that the best surgical practice demands. Attached to this by careful stitches is a muslin bandage two inches wide by seven feet long, the whole creased into a compact oblong and bound with a readily breakable thread. This part of me started for France from an American Red Cross chapter in the Middle West. It was one of thousands which a great roomful of busy young women turned out every week from the mounds of bolts of materials shipped from a great city on one of the Lakes. I can so well remember the noise made by the tearing of the material of which this part of me is fashioned. I can hear it every time a shell goes over our dugout. If you've never heard a shell coming over, you may liken it to that; yes, to that and to a something you feel within you and just can't describe.

The particular workroom from which this section of my anatomy came was, I recall, in keen competition with one in another part of the little community, and the day that I was packed up in a big box with a tightly squeezed company of relatives and marked "American Red Cross, Paris, France," there was a great jubilation, because our box marked the making of the record for the month. I heard the excitement over it even when the packer was nailing the cover on the box. And so it was that this part of me started for New York and for the steamer which brought me over.

Another consignment brought across to France the two little absorbent cotton tampons which are included in me. You've seen

And then the assistant tears at the tape which paper unfolds — it is

them, the little balls of cotton with a tiny twist of "handle" on one side with which your week-end hostess always provides you in case you've forgotten your powder puff! But for what a different use were these of mine fashioned! These little balls came all the way from the South and not far from the very fields in which the cotton itself grew. Perhaps it might not be amiss to say a word or two of the

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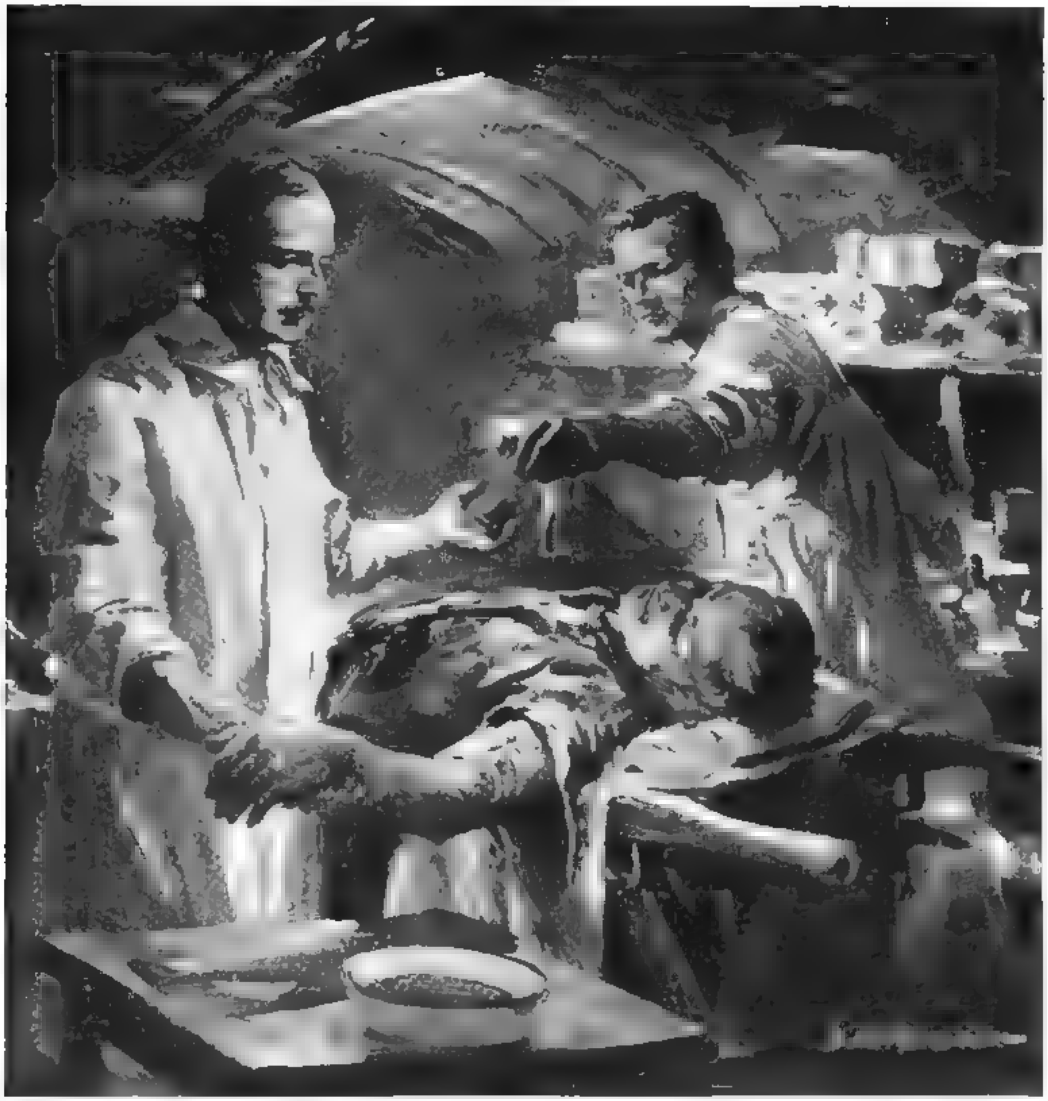

reaches up—for me. He holds me secure, the my hour of usefulness"

pretty girls in their Red Cross caps and aprons whose deft hands twisted the little tampons. All of them were so serious about it, so eager to give up their days to the work of their chapter, that maybe they'd think me less considerate of their contribution to my being. But the time is coming when those two tampons are to be of as much service in their way as any part of the packet which is I.

Close beside the tampons are four butter-gauze "sponges," folded squares of highly absorbent material to be used as aids to the cotton balls in cleansing a wound. New England provided these, and such quantities of them, in one of the rooms of a big building given over entirely to the "manufacturing plant" of a chapter! In neighboring rooms they were making the bandages and the other

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parts of the packet. Perhaps some of these parts are in one or more of the packets which share this shelf with me, but so far as I am concerned, those "sponges" are all of me that is "down East."

For just an instant I must leave my "heart" and turn to the two rolls of unbleached muslin bandage, four inches wide and fifteen feet long, which help compose me in my usefulness. They were rolled upon a special machine which looks very much like a sewing machine—treadle, big wheel, little wheel and all—and insures tightness and uniformity of rolling. A very charming young person "fed" me into the machine in a bright, sunny room in a city on the Atlantic seaboard, a city in which there are scores of Red Cross chapters, one which has made a record in Red Cross subscriptions as well as work. She has been making these bandages for weeks and turns them out with all the skill with which a dressmaker runs a seam. As rapidly as she rolls one she passes it to another (quite as charming) young woman near her who folds its end into a point and makes it fast upon itself with a safety pin (also "made in U.S.A.") into which a second pin has been snapped, for two pins are always better than one when the time comes to use this part of me.

This, while it is not all of me, is all that was directly fashioned in America. But before these components reach France they must pass through many hands. From the work tables I go to the packers, from them to the Red Cross trucks which convey the crates and boxes to the railway stations, thence to the freight agents and tally clerks and then to the car loaders. From man to man, from record book to record book my invoices go, bringing me at last to New York and the steamship pier. There again I am hauled about—that is, the as yet uncollected parts of me—by many hands, and at last I am stowed deep in a dark hold for the long oversea voyage.

Of what happens to me now there is nothing to be said save of my waiting, in the creaking dark, with the sound of rushing water close beside me, for the day when the stopping of the engines tells me I am at the end of the longest stage of my journeying, at a port any one of nine—"somewhere in France." Now comes the breaking out of the cargo, the lifting away of the other boxes which have been making themselves comfortable by leaning against mine throughout the voyage, and my delivery to the American Red Cross agent awaiting me on the pier.

Accompanied by all the other crates in our consignment, I am loaded again (and I still mean the separate parts of me) on trucks and hurried away to the railroad station, bound for Paris. Once there, American Red Cross motor camions are ready to take me up and I am borne away to a great establishment where, passing through many hands, I am made up at last into the red-banded packet standing here upon the shelf in an advanced dressing station, close to the front lines, waiting and listening to the ceaseless roar of the guns.

As soon as I am delivered at this great establishment in Paris, my box is unpacked and inspected to make sure that I am all dry and ready for assemblage. Here, too, my "heart" is made up into the highly important little package that it is. To begin with, a slender wooden swab, made of a toothpick tipped with a bulb of absorbent cotton (both articles sent from America) and carefully wrapped in oiled paper, is added to it and the whole, composed of the swab, the absorbent pad and attached bandage, the cotton tampons and the "sponges," is wrapped in a sheet of thin, firm paper or a paper bag, likewise from the States, for I am "All American," as I have said.

For the absolute protection not only of myself but of the one whom it shall be my fate to serve, the paper packet is enclosed in a muslin bag, open at one end but folded down to hold me securely, and then sent to the sterilizing machine. What happens then might cause discomfort to some, for I am subjected to a temperature of 275 degrees for half an hour and at the end of it there is nothing in all the world cleaner than I. The word "Sterilized" marked on me is token of it.

Once out of the hot box I am wheeled in a great basket to the assembling room where I first make acquaintance with the two rolled bandages from the Atlantic seaboard, which have not had to go through the sterilizing process. One of these is placed on each side of my little muslin bag package, and all of us are rolled together in heavy protecting paper. Thence I go to another table where the two red bands are placed about me to indicate my size, a label is pasted on me to enumerate my contents, and a bit of tape so arranged that when it is pulled the package opens to give easy access to the things within. And now

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comes the last step in my preparation: I am taken to still another room and there immersed for just an instant in a vessel of melted paraffin, which seals me against all moisture and infection.

From this quick bath I emerge completed, ready for the task to which I have been assigned by all the countless hands through which I have passed both in America and in France. With my fellows I am gathered up and again given into the packer's care and boxed securely. A Red Cross camion calls for us, we go again to the railway station and a day or a few days later finds us at the front. Some of us in my consignment were sent to a warehouse back of the lines, there to await the call. But the box containing me was sent direct from the railway to the dressing station and again in a Red Cross motor truck. Two orderlies carried the box into the dugout.

So that is how it chances that I am here on the shelf, the next one to be called to service, a volunteer, really in the struggle that is rocking the world. I shall serve for a brief time, and then I shall be cast aside, forgotten, but I shall have served, just the same.

I have been watching the hands of the watch against the wall move around to the "zero hour." And now—it has come.

For an instant the preliminary bombardment has lifted, there is absolute silence and I know that in that moment the lieutenants and the captains in the trenches have glanced up from their watches, cried "Come, let's go over!" and scrambled out of the pits, mounted the sheltering walls and taken their men across the deadly "No Man's Land."

Now the firing has begun again! This time it's the smaller guns in the curtain fire which protects the men and advances with them to the enemy's trenches. Our surgeon has cast aside the book he was reading and his assistant is dabbling a pair of rubber gloves in a shining white basin on a stand beside the long, narrow table. Neither one has spoken a word. There is such a confusion of sound that I scarcely think they could make themselves heard.

The minutes are dragging on the watch face. The two men go about their preparations with calm rapidity and method. They have done all this so many times before.

There is a sudden flood of daylight in the dugout. It is the door curtain being pushed aside. Two stretcher-bearers shoulder their way in, easing the burden they bear between them. They are panting with the exertion and covered almost to the knees with mud.

The man they carry is lying with his eyes closed. Part of his dusty old tunic has been cut away and there is a tight discolored bandage about his arm. The bearers bring him close beneath the brilliant light; he opens his eyes and looks up. There is just the trace of a smile on his white face

And then the assistant reaches up—for me.

He tears at the tape which holds me secure, the paper unfolds—it is my hour of usefulness.

His Mother's Part

By Hattie Wells Boynton

THEY marvelled at the lad—
So young, so strong, so radiant of cheer;
That he, from his soft life, could grapple death,
Could sing and laugh and with exultant breath
Could die—and know no fear.

They marvelled, but guessed not
That far beyond the west horizon's rim,
Through long, still hours of sleepless, holy nights,
Wrestling with God, up to the star-lit heights,
His mother prayed for him!

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Vernon McNutt—Inventor

A Cartoon by Fontaine Fox

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Vernon McNutt springs a perfectly wonderful scheme to make use of the graphaphone in rolling Red Cross bandages

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Real Letters

Human documents of personal experiences in the Great War

DO YOU want to know the spirit of the Italian people? Read the letters that follow. They were gathered by Mrs. K. R. Steege and printed in a book called, "We of Italy," of which only a few copies were imported. The volume is out of print and we are indebted for a copy to that friend of good books, Mr. John Macrae, of E. P. Dutton and Company. *But do not forget that we want readers to send us unusual letters which they, or their friends, may receive; vivid letters of actual experience in any field of war or war service; letters in which facts and human interest predominate.*

A One-Legged Hero of Italy

ENRICO TOTI was a hero of the Roman populace. Although deprived of one leg by a railroad accident, yet his ardent "sporting" spirit and his love of adventure and hazard sent him into numberless competitions.

Before the war he had opened a little business in Rome, where he lived in the Trastevere quarter, and manufactured wooden toys. With his pension and the gains from his work he lived comfortably, and gave away nearly all he earned to the poor.

At the outbreak of the war he was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the great cause of patriotism and right. He had difficulty for a time in being placed as he longed to be, and he finally applied for aid in this letter:

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCA D'AOSTA—Since the war started I have been in the war zone, constantly exposed to danger without as yet having taken part in active service. I am a fervent citizen of Italy, and even if I must shed my last drop of blood I shall never retreat. I beg to explain my capabilities, and since with one leg only I have merited so much esteem on the field of bravery, I hope to prove my title to aspire to the honor which I ask.

For eight years I served the State in the Royal Navy. I took part in the campaign in Africa, and I earned the right to wear a medal. In the contests held at Spezia in 1903, I was the champion military bicyclist of the naval squadron. After I had finished my military service I passed examinations to get into the service of the railroads. After three years of this work I was the victim of a railway accident and my left leg had to be amputated. On the restoration of my health, I took up my career of sport again and, though with only one leg, gained a medal in an international swimming contest in the Tiber in Rome. . . .

Then I traveled all over Europe on my bicycle studying the different peoples, and my dream has ever been to see Italy great and prosperous. I have been all over France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Russia, and so on, and even to the Arctic Polar Circle where, on account of the ice, I was obliged to remain some time with the Esquimaux of Lapland. I crossed Austria and Poland and finally came back to Rome and to my family. After some months of rest I went to Alexandria and traveled all along the course of the Nile and through Egypt and Nubia. . . . In all my journey of exploration I traveled about twenty thousand kilometres, and I had to encounter tempests of snow, and ice, wolves, hyenas . . . and to suffer every kind of privation.

I came into the war zone with everything necessary, hoping to join the Alpini . . . I have been to Sagrado in the neighborhood of Gorizia, on the hills of Castelnuovo, and in my going about I have always observed whether the telephone lines had been disturbed, and I searched the fields in the hope of seizing some perfidious spy. I am now well known to almost all the officers and soldiers . . . I am certain that I could penetrate into the enemy's camp and study their positions and discover their batteries without being seen by them. The road which leads from Cervignano to Monfalcone is most closely watched, but I took out-of-the-way paths and passed through fields of maize, now stooping down and now hiding myself when I saw patrols, and I presented myself to the General of the Brigade at Monfalcone and asked to be taken into the Grenadiers. The commander of the Royal Carabinieri telegraphed to Rome for information regarding me. This was of the best and so I was again sent to Cervignano to await some superior decision.

Now I turn to Your Royal Highness. I implore

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you to put me into some company and so to let me have the hope of either dying for the Patria or of entering among the first into Trieste.

With the expression of my eternal gratitude—I am,

Your Royal Highness's most devoted
ENRICO TOTI.

The Duca d'Aosta, the commander of the Third Army, realized his bravery and ability and he was allowed to be enrolled as a Bersagliere.

For many months he was employed in the war zone as a letter carrier and messenger. Finally, in January, 1916, Major Razinni, commander of the third regiment of Bersagliere bicyclists, permitted him to go into the trenches; he was an incomparable sentry; he worked as a digger of mines or in clearing the ground—he carried what loads he could; he was perfectly happy.

But when on the 6th of August his battalion was ordered to attack the peak of Quota 85 (near Monfalcone), he insisted on following his companions, and, to repeat the words of his colonel:

He was one of the first to reach the enemy's trench, throwing bombs and fighting as he could with his gun, for he had learned how to aim and to fire by holding the barrel of his gun under his right arm pit and sustaining himself on his crutch with his left.

He was wounded three times. Dripping blood he fired and shouted to his companions: *"Viva l'Italia! Viva Trieste! Viva i Bersaglieri!"* At his third wound he fell to the earth, got up, took two or three steps; then, leaning on his gun, he grasped his crutch, the poor symbol of the weakness which for the love of his country he had known how to transform into strength and heroism, and he hurled it in defiance at the flying enemy. Then falling back, he died.

She Could Not Write, But What a Soul!

TO CAPTAIN R. L.—I do not know how to write, signor captain, for when I was a girl there were no schools. My grandson is writing for me.

I am the mother of Italo, your orderly. It was destined that he should die. It was much better, however, that he should die for the country than that he should end in some other way, perhaps badly. . . . The times are evil in these days, and the mothers are always in fear for their sons. Then, too, we thank God Italo has had honor; he has been buried by his companions and the priest has given him absolution. On the other hand, how many poor Christians remain who are exposed to the wind, to the sun, or worse still are in the hands of savage beings who torment them.

Was it you, signor captain, who gave my name to those gentlemen who came to bring me money because Italo is dead? It was not from pride, nor to mortify any one, but I could not take it. You see, for me to take that money would be like having sold my son. I have *given* my son.

"Send Me the Lock of Hair"

This letter was sent to a lady, a visitor at the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, who had assisted a young Sardinian soldier, Francesco Mureddu, who, having been gravely wounded during an assault on the trench of the enemy, had died a few days afterward in the same hospital. In this the mother of the poor Mureddu sends from her little town in Sardinia her thanks for the sympathetic care given to her son, for the roses which had been scattered over his grave, and asks for the lock of his hair left with the lady. The sons of Sardinia have been of the bravest. Their mothers are proved to be no less so.

GENTILISSIMA SIGNORA—I have received your letter. In my grief it has done me great good to know that a loving woman comforted with maternal care the last days of my Francesco. Not I, with my poor words, but God will reward your kindness and that of your husband toward the poor wounded.

Francesco, the youngest of my five sons whom I have given for the greatness of the Patria, is the first who has descended into the tomb, after having shed his blood in this war. Of the other four, two are wounded and one has been in Libya for three years, and of him I have news but seldom. The other is still at the front and still well, and may God preserve him to me!

You who are perhaps a mother will be able to understand me. And to you and your husband I shall ever be grateful for the kind thoughtfulness which you had for my poor soldier. The roses with which you have covered him will bloom in a distant day over your tombs, and the steps with which you accompanied him to the cemetery will advance you on your way toward Heaven, which will surely know how to reward you. Dear signora, send me the lock of hair which you have kept, so that I may impress upon it the kiss which I was not able to impress upon the brow of my Francesco. But if you will permit me, since I do not know how to make you any other recompense, will you keep part of it in remembrance of a noble action, and of a little Sardinian hero whose mother has been greatly comforted by your charity?

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The March of the Red Cross

PHRASES of democracy, touched with the political ideals of the centuries; posters declaiming that the world must be made a decent place to live in; dim ideas of honor as opposed to dishonor—scraps of paper, lies, bombed hospitals, sunken ships, murdered children, tortured women—from all these there is arising the ideal to which every man and woman holds as he or she works.

From the newly established Red Cross chapter in Harbin, Manchuria, to New Jersey villages and on to our camps in France, the might of this idea is growing Its phrases are sounding in every steel plant, in every shipyard, as the hammers drive each rivet Soon it will swell across the ocean, overtopping the German lines.

For justice and humanity, against might and materialism!

The latest manifestation of this spirit of America has been the Red Cross Drive, just over as we write. The answer that America has given to the appeal of the Red Cross for another hundred million dollars is one to stir the pulse of every American.

One hundred and seventy millions!

Here is evidence of the spirit from which victory is made. Never in our history, probably, has there been such an outpouring of emotion and sacrifice as marked the last week of May. Children picked wild flowers and sold them. Banks gave of their earnings. From all over the world came endorsements of the work of the Red Cross—from kings, premiers, generals, and the American soldier himself. In all the cities of the United States there swung up the streets the millions of the womanhood of America, attesting their belief in the Red Cross and its far flung achievements. Even in distant Shanghai and Canton, monster Chinese parades gave evidence of the same spirit. All ideas of quotas were soon forgotten in the tidal wave of generosity which swept the nation. Through it all shone the tireless devotion of the white-clad workers scattered from coast to coast, to whom every family in America gave part of its wealth.

One thing stood out above all the rest—the spontaneity of it. There was never any doubt

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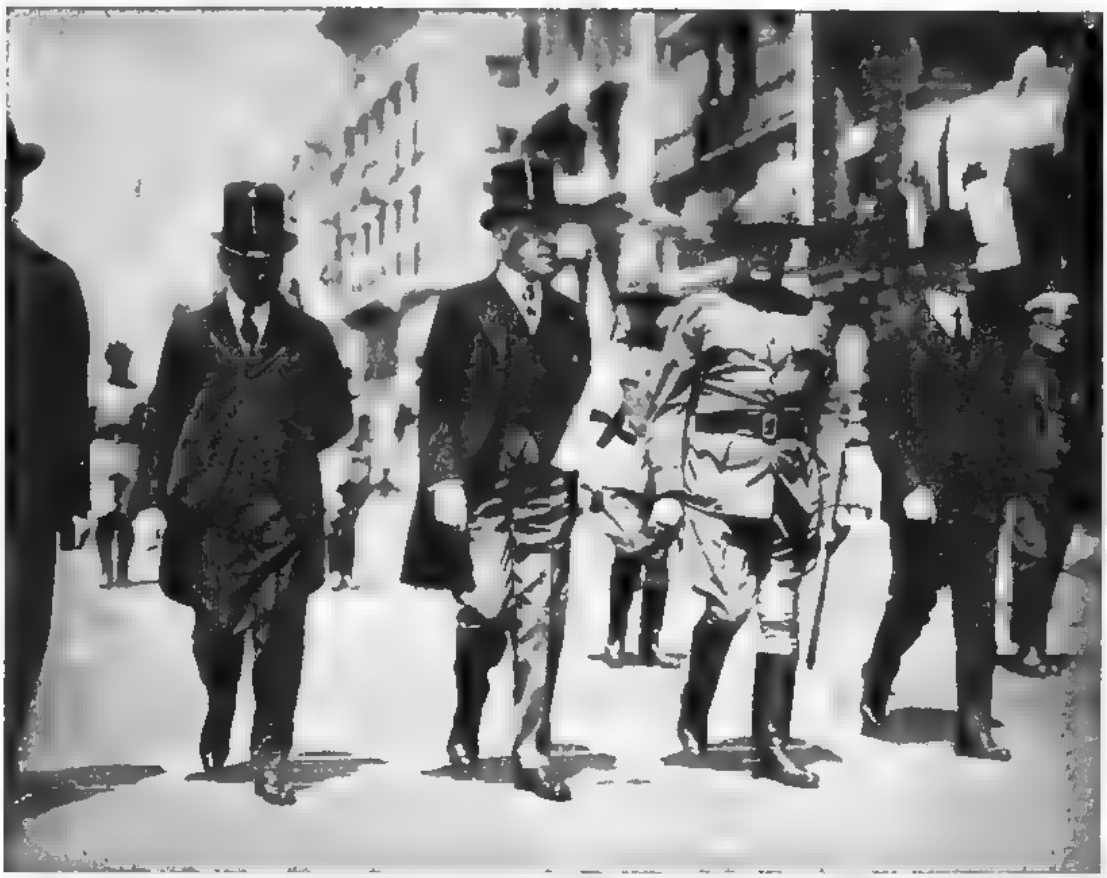

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President Wilson, to the surprise of all, joined the Red Cross procession in New York, and led it down Fifth Avenue

of the outcome from the beginning. Millions of wage earners and poor people made real sacrifices in order to give. City vied with city, division with division in an irresistible will to victory—to pile up a fund of mercy that would be real evidence of the passionate spirit of sacrifice in the nation.

Almost before the thousands of workers had heard the starter's pistol, Knoxville, Tennessee, wired National Headquarters in Washington that they had gone over the top in three hours! Was this the record? Close on its heels came the statement from the Pacific Coast, from the Klickitat Chapter at Goldendale:

"Over the top at nine A. M.!"

And then the deluge! Only the fact that hundreds of chapters reserved their reports, fearing undue optimism, saved the lives of the National Headquarters staff.

On Wednesday the cumulative evidence of a nation, united in carrying through a single purpose, swamped all expectations. In Chicago the grocers of the United States, in convention assembled, voted ten per cent. of a day's sales in all their grocery stores. Banks all over the country gave magnificently. In Dixon, Illinois, the town went to the polls *en masse*, twenty-five hundred out of nine thousand people subscribing at once.

By Thursday the temper of labor began to make itself felt. In Tucson, Arizona, the Carpenters and Joiners' Brotherhood voted a thousand dollars subscription over and above their individual gifts. In Schenectady the men and women of the General Electric Company gave seventy-five thousand dollars. In Pennsylvania the Cambria Steel Plant employees voted a day's pay unanimously, as did those of the American Window Glass Company. By afternoon mention by name of any

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industrial concern or workingmen's organization became superfluous. Coal operators gave their day's output while the miners gave their day's work. Tobacco growers gave a handful of tobacco out of each basket taken to market.

Methods of obtaining gifts became infinite in variety. Carloads of Red Cross strawberries, Red Cross hogs, roosters, canned goods, made their appearance and were auctioned off endlessly. The details of theatrical performances wherein stars participated; of silent hours on downtown city streets when the white-clad workers lined the curbstones silently, holding the Red Cross flags in mute appeal; of benefits, where many of the prominent men of the nation spoke—these would fill pages.

On Friday a wire from New England gave Washington some idea of the situation there: "Amount immense. Tabulators overwhelmed."

Between the Northern Division, with headquarters in Minneapolis, and the Southwestern in St. Louis, the furious race for first honors changed into a mighty attempt to double quotas.

On Saturday the Southwestern telegraphed: "Have forgotten all about quotas!"

The Southern Division grew flushed with success:

"Have we beaten the Gulf?"

From every Division came clarion calls for leading honors.

And then the cables from American chapters overseas came pouring in.

From China, Hawaii, the Canal Zone, South America, Cuba, Porto Rico, Santo Domingo, the Philippines, the torrent poured in—from troublous Mexico and distant Guam, from Pernambuco and from Americans in far-away

Allen McMullen, hunter and trapper, drove for the Red Cross War Fund this team of Great Danes from Albany to New York in eleven days

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Argentina and Brazil and Japan. A stream of dollars from all over the globe fairly deluged the Red Cross until the final total was achieved —one hundred and seventy millions given by forty-seven million Americans!

Henry P. Davison summed it up in a phrase: "The American people have made their own Red Cross budget."

To Italy, England, France, to all Europe, in fact, the news flashed from Washington at once.

To our boys in the trenches, in the kerosene-lighted dugouts at Montdidier, at aëro camps in the shadow of the Pyrenees, on the muddy roads of Picardy, the hundred and seventy millions sent their message:

"If you stumble, we will pick you up; if you are discouraged, we love you; if you are wounded, don't worry! You are three thousand miles away but don't forget for one second 'We are with you!'"

To the Kaiser at German Great Headquarters they gave notice:

"The money-loving America of your subsidized press gives a hundred and seventy millions for love—not hate!"

To our allies they said:

"America has just begun to fight. Our own flesh and blood marches with you in Europe. We will back them and you so long as we have the strength to live. This is what it means when democracy gives!"

To the Red Cross itself there is a significance in the figures larger than any simple endorsement of the spending of the first hundred million. The American soldier in sickness and in health to-day dots the landscape from Scotland to Italy. Incredible dream come true!

For us a new responsibility overtops all the others. Help for France and her children, aid for Italy, for Serbia, for Palestine—all these things are vital, necessary; but to-day they must take second place. America has said to us: "Here is my treasure. Take care of my boy." The responsibility is appalling. To care for American soldiers and sailors is more than ever our job to-day. We of the Red Cross must help them though we ourselves perish.

This is the mandate of the Red Cross Drive.

In Switzerland, German propaganda seeks as always to intimidate. Grisly pictures of war,

Photograph by Brown Bros

Henry P. Davison (facing reader on extreme left), just before he addressed a wildly enthusiastic Red Cross meeting in the Roman Colosseum

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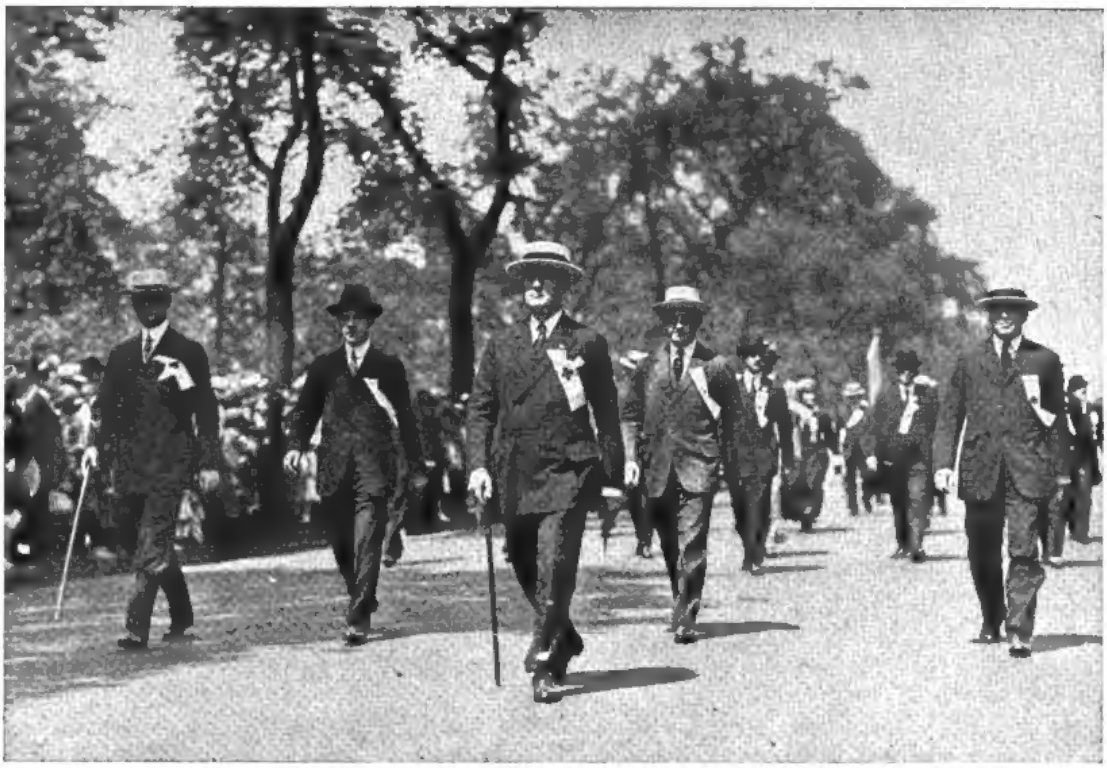

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Henry P. Davison, two months later, in the Red Cross parade in New York. With Mr. Davison (from left to right) are John D. Ryan, Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr., Harvey D. Gibson, and George B. Case

German industrial threats, German intimidation of the press—these are the methods of the Hun. Added to the industrial situation in that hard-pressed little country are all the indescribable difficulties which Switzerland's position has entailed upon her where relief work is concerned.

Returning every month through Buchs, on the Swiss-Austrian frontier, are thousands of badly wounded Italians from the interior Austrian prison camps. Many of the worst cases are not able to get farther than Switzerland. The same is true of the thousands of dying Frenchmen returned from Germany to France. Added also are the thousands of repatriated children returned through Switzerland to Évian; the stranded Servian wounded and sick; and the many thousands of refugee Russians.

In such a distressing situation it is no wonder that the Swiss Red Cross is at last in need of assistance. The American Red Cross War Council has recognized this in its grant of seventy-five thousand dollars to relieve first of all those Russians for whom the Swiss Red Cross has been unable to find funds.

Many of these refugees are people of education who, before the revolution in Russia, lived on the incomes from their businesses or estates in Russia; a considerable number are students; many are women and children, victims of war's persecution. Since the revolution their resources have gradually dwindled until, with many thousands, life has become a question of food and shelter. Up to now the Russian legation in Berne, which belongs to the Kerensky régime, has given what aid it could, but is no longer in a position to help. The Red Cross money will aid some two thousand Russians who are wholly destitute, and it will secure food and care for more than a thousand who are sick with tuberculosis and other diseases.

In this way Red Cross deeds are opposing Teutonic falsehood in Switzerland. This, too, is the state of the Red Cross house in Switzerland where our Prisoners' Pantry is being put in order. There is stored now, in the Red

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Photograph by G. V. Buck

A reproduction of "The Greatest Mother in the World," Foringer's beautiful poster, was a feature of the Washington Red Cross parade

Cross warehouses in Berne, enough food to take care of ten thousand American prisoners should that many be captured by the Germans to-morrow. Soap, new clothes, tobacco, and food—this is the order of the prisoner's needs when he is first sent to Limburg in Germany, whence most American prisoners are distributed to German interior prison camps. Not even in Germany will the doughboy be able to escape the ubiquitous baked bean.

To make assurance doubly sure, in these days of uncertainties, arrangements are being made at the present moment to place at once, in warehouses in Copenhagen, Denmark, supplies for five thousand prisoners, so that, in case of any necessity whereby the military might require the use of all transportation facilities in France, the American boys who have been captured will nevertheless be sure of avoiding the fate which has met so many thousands of Russians.

In France the war of movement which Hindenburg has inaugurated has demonstrated once more the emergency character of the work of the Red Cross. All things have been subordinated to the pressing necessities of the military campaign.

To-day in many cases whole groups of workers have been shifted from work in interior cities to jobs of decidedly different character —changes which have involved the taking up of hard, physical work by many men of wide executive experience in America.

The force of Red Cross "searchers" in the hospitals throughout France has been steadily augmented, and the nursing situation where it has affected the Red Cross has been met by radical changes. Here is a cablegram, under date of June 3rd, that holds in its few words more than a slight idea of why the Red Cross conducts a drive for nurses in the United States:

Paris, June 3rd.

RED CROSS, Washington

Am calling all civil affairs nurses for use in military affairs.

(Signed) PERKINS.

Day by day, also, these past few weeks there have come into use at critical moments the medical and surgical supplies which the foresight of Majors Murphy and Perkins stored in the warehouses through France. The work of feeding and taking care of refugees in emergencies is well systematized and at work aiding the French Government each time the Hun spends his life blood for a little more French territory. And meanwhile, with the added impetus of the Lyons Exhibition, the campaign against tuberculosis forges ahead.

Perhaps, however, the best gleam of light on the rather gloomy French canvas has been the arrangement, made by the generosity of Ban Johnson of baseball fame, to supply our hospitals in France with equipment for five hundred baseball teams. The national game outrides every storm and greets even the convalescent in France to-day! And if German temper allows, even in the prison camps in Germany, soon the seventh inning will receive its time-worn greeting by American soldiers in prison.

In England the extension of the activities of the American Army has resulted in the construction by the Red Cross at Salisbury Court of a thousand-bed tent hospital. Simultaneously with its construction, goes also the building of one to hold three thousand beds in regular huts in anticipation of next winter.

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This has been done in consultation with the Army, and with the understanding that at the proper time the Army authorities will take the work over.

From a mere recital of the War Council appropriations for these last weeks, the endless roster of Red Cross activities becomes apparent.

For instance, six thousand dollars has been given the Portuguese Red Cross to help take care of the wounded Portuguese soldiers who met the German attack in Flanders so gallantly and who have been sent home wounded and despondent. The items week after week have ranged from microscopes for Italy to twenty-five thousand dollars for the relief of twelve hundred Serbian refugees stranded by the fortunes of war at Birsk in Siberia. Is the world made up of refugees these days?

Nurses' uniforms, more Ford chassis for camionettes, dental outfits, clothing and blankets for England—72,000 towels, handkerchiefs, sheets, etc.—these are merely a few of the other items.

By far the largest and most important appropriations, however, have been made for the continuance of activities already established in this country. The work of the sanitary units of the Red Cross at Alexandria, La., at American Lake, Washington, at San Antonio, Texas, where they have charge of the health work around the training camp, the target range and the balloon and aviation camps and the garrison—this work is to be continued. The plan for a Red Cross institute to reëducate the blind is to become a fact, at last, and besides the hundred thousand dollars appropriated for this, there is to be a national extension of the work of the Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men.

And these are only a few of the Red Cross activities which have happened to call for funds lately. Meanwhile emergency calls for a million army comfort kits and two hundred and fifty thousand navy comfort kits. The situation has been met by the purchase of all the articles contained in these kits, so that the chapters themselves will have to buy only the material for the bags and for the housewives. We can rest assured the women will do the rest.

Far Away Chapters

THE Foreign or Fourteenth Division—that is the organization which develops and follows up the Red Cross chapters and branches in foreign countries—is building up a great chain of chapters made up of Americans far from home all around the world.

The cover of the magazine, "The True Light Review," representing the American Red Cross in China

It is the purpose of this department, of which the head is Mr. Otis H. Cutler, to organize all the Americans, wherever there are a few or many of our citizens gathered together. The American Red Cross needs all Americans who are patriotic, and these people need the American Red Cross—each to inspire the other and to keep in touch. As time goes on new chapters will be formed, but the following substantial list shows the progress which has been made in less than a year:

Argentina.....	Argentina Chapter
Bolivia.....	Bolivia Chapter
Brazil.....	Southern Brazil Chapter
Canal Zone.....	Canal Zone Chapter
Chile.....	Santiago Chapter
China.....	Amoy Chapter
	Canton Chapter
	Chang Sha Chapter
	Chefoo Chapter
	Chungking Chapter

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China	Foochow Chapter
	Hankow Chapter
	Harbin Chapter
	Hongkong Chapter
	Nanking Chapter
	Peking Chapter
	Shanghai Chapter
	Tientsin Chapter
Costa Rica	Costa Rica Chapter
Cuba	Habana Chapter
Dominican Rep.	Santo Domingo Chapter
Egypt	Cairo Committee
Guam	Guam Chapter
Guatemala	Guatemala Chapter
Haiti	Port-au-Prince Chapter
Hawaii	Hawaiian Chapter
Japan	Japan Division
	Kobe Chapter
	Yokohama Chapter
	Tokyo Chapter
Nicaragua	Bluefields Chapter
	Managua Chapter
Paraguay	Asuncion Chapter
Peru	Lima Chapter
Philippine Is.	Philippine Islands Chapter
Porto Rico	Porto Rico Chapter
	Guanica Bay Auxiliary-at-Large
Spain	Iberian Chapter
	Barcelona Auxiliary-at-Large
Switzerland	Geneva Chapter
Sweden	Stockholm Chapter
Uruguay	Montevideo Chapter
Venezuela	Caracas Chapter
	Maracaibo Chapter
Virgin Islands	Santa Cruz Chapter
	Saint Thomas Chapter

All these organizations are in full working order carrying on plans of adding members, making and shipping hospital supplies, and in all ways spreading the gospel of the American Red Cross.

The Drive in Foreign Lands

WHEN the apportionments were made for the Second War Fund Drive the foreign chapters were asked to give $300,000. They came "over the top" with more than $1,400,000 and the returns are not all in yet.

Here are some of the leaders whose reports came in first. Many chapters because of their remoteness have not yet sent in their full contributions.

Hawaiian Islands	$677,000
Habana, Cuba, about	150,000
China, through its 13 Chapters and Branches, over	100,000
Porto Rico	100,000
Dominican Republic	70,000
Argentina	70,000
Brazil	40,000
Canal Zone	30,000
Chili	27,000
Guam	5,800
Haiti	2,500
Honduras	2,000
Japan	60,000
Mexico	40,000
Nicaragua	1,000
Peru	15,000
Spain	5,000

And more to come!

Far Away Subscribers

PROBABLY no American magazine has so many foreign readers as THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE. We have just been making a count, and find that we had in May 19,661 subscribers in the following places, varying all the way from one in Holland to 10,159 in the Hawaiian Islands:

American Expeditionary Forces	Nicaragua
Hawaii	Costa Rica
Porto Rico	Egypt
Dominican Republic	Africa
Haiti	Siam
Jamaica	Australia
Java	Havana
Venezuela	Canal Zone
Chapala	Philippine Islands
Uruguay	Virgin Islands
Peru	Denmark
Ecuador	Sweden
Italy	Switzerland
New Zealand	Guam
Norway	Holland
Scotland	England
Serbia	Argentina
Spain	Bolivia
Korea	Paraguay
Persia	Brazil
Singapore	Colombia
Japan	Chile
India	France
China	Honduras
	Guatemala

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